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A LOVER'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

When the Future comes as my heart hath willed,
And dreams glad truths shall be,
This is the home that I shall build
For my beautiful love and me.

One room shall be a woodland room,
With walls of leafy shade,
Where she shall seem to see the boughs
A waving o'er her head,—

Shall seem to see the waving boughs,
With sunshine trembling through,
And think she feels beneath her feet
Grass, violets and dew.

One room shall be an ocean room,
With walls of billowy green,
And light as soft as if it came
Down, down from suns unseen.

Amid the snow white shells and stones
She'll tread the golden sand,
And dream that she can see and catch
Sea-mosses in her hand.

One room shall be a darkness room,
Too dark to see a tear,
But just beyond the sad may find
The star beams pale and clear,—

For next shall be a starlight room,
So faintly bright, so still,—
With such a sense of peace therein
And quietness from ill.

One room shall be a heaven room,
With roof of pure, pale blue,
And here and there a cloud shall float
With sunlight shining through.

A rose room shall my darling have,
Where she shall seem to be
Wrapped in a still, sweet dreaminess,
A heart of luxury.

My love shall have a lily room,
Gold centred in the white,
Where she shall dream she sails the sea
In dainty shallop light!

Ah! what more can I give my love,
If even this may be?
Come, nestle, darling, to my heart,
Heart's room is all for thee!

THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

For a few moments the young girl sat staring blankly at the Dane, whose vehemence frightened her, but of whose genuineness of passion she could feel no doubt. Her cheek had gradually lost all color, her eye all fire—but she was a woman, and she pitied him—besides she felt sorrowful, for she had lost a friend.

"Manuel," she said, as tears gathered in her eyes, "you forget."

This gentle reproach, this delicate allusion to the sad bereavement she had so recently sustained, instead of checking, renewed his ardor.

"No—I do not forget, Della—but I am dying while my passion is hopeless. I do not forget—I do not ask you to forget *him*—but he is in his grave. Mourn as you will, you cannot bring him back. He cannot speak to you again—never more can look in your eyes—never more listen, never more love; while *I* live in torture, in longing for one kind word and look. Della, ask what you will of me to prove my love, but do not let me, living, bear about a dead heart.

"Manuel," said Della, with deep emotion, "I am so sorry! so sorry you have spoken of this! I thought you had learned to regard me as a sister, with that calm and holy love which the angels feel; I little dreamed that while so quiet, so respectful, so attentive, your emotions toward me were so wild and passionate, or I should have kept the solitude of my own room. I cannot—I never can—"

"No! no! no!" cried Manuel, with vehemence, "you must not say the word that shall blast me. Remember I am an orphan, without father, mother, brother or sister; who have I in the wide world to love? No one but you. Therefore, do not say you *cannot* love me; let the words be unspoken, and I will wait as in the vision of the night I was commanded."

"The vision—what vision!" exclaimed Della, her thoughts turned into a new channel.

"Shall I tell you? I fear you cannot bear it," said Manuel, "and yet—I saw it—and lived. No, no, we had better say nothing more just now—just here. A creeping horror chills me; I never believed such things before."

"Manuel, you *must* tell me," cried Della, grown pale, all her superstitious fancies awakened.

"Then let us at least go where *there* are lights," said Manuel, his heart beating high at the unlooked for success of his suddenly conceived stratagem.—"In these dim shadows I shall imagine the sight that was so palpable before. Had I better go on?" he asked, with well feigned hesitation, as Della, white with expectancy, seated herself on a lounge near an open window.

"Oh! tell me—tell me," whispered Della.

"Well, I left your father late last night, it might have been near twelve. I had been copying letters for *three* or four hours, and my eyes ached with fatigue.—I took a candle, placed a shade over it, and walked slowly to my room. I had just reached the door, when a sudden, short, sharp gust of wind came by me, and the candle went out as if some one had stooped over the shade and blown it vehemently. I thought it was strange, for the flame was well protected, and I had never known it to happen before; but I groped my way inside the room, and began feeling about for matches. I had been dull and sleepy, with a sensation of oppression about the head, but this trifling accident had the effect of thoroughly rousing me. So, as I said, I went stumbling across the room, all my faculties wide awake, when, just as I was about to place my hand on the match lighter, I heard a singular rustling noise, and felt a recurrence of the same cold, sharp current of air, that seemed to lift my hair from my temples. Gradually I became aware that the room was not as dark as it had been. Little by little a pale light slowly rising and illuminating, filled it so that I could see every object. I felt bewildered, but not alarmed. It seemed to me as if somebody was there, and as yet I could see no form. My large arm-chair was placed with its front to the window, consequently as I stood at the back part of the room, I was behind it. That was the only object I could not see distinctly. Whenever I looked towards it a film seemed to come over my eyes, or else some mysterious cloud enveloped it. At last, as I stood gazing and wondering, something darkened my window. I kept my vision straight towards it, and as I gazed, the singular shadow gradually took shape. At first it was airy, and I seemed to look through it; but in a moment it became denser, then the colors of—it is too much for you," exclaimed Manuel, abruptly pausing.

"No—no," gasped, rather than spoke the pale girl, "please go on; my heart tells me what you will say next. Oh! that he would come to me!" and yielding to her excitement, she burst into tears.

"Well, the colors of *his* uniform became visible. I knew in a moment who it was, though I could not see his face. My flesh crept, my hair stood up, my blood grew cold, still I did not stir. I never shall forget the impression his motion gave me; so stealthy! I did not see a foot lifted, a finger moved, but it came on, and in a minute I was conscious that it sat in my chair.

"For many moments I tried to speak, but my tongue seemed palsied. At last when I recovered its use, I said, as near as I can recollect, 'What have you come for? are you unhappy?'

"Then there was a rustling, and I gathered strength, for I had seemed to lose it, to go round and face him. I do not know as I can describe him—his look was kindly. I thought there was a smile on his lip—in fine he appeared as he used to, before"—the speaker paused abruptly, dashed his hand over his face, on which a peculiar expression was noticeable, and trembled violently.

"You, you do not surely see it now," gasped Della, catching at his arm.

"Oh! no, no; I was—I was only thinking," was his reply; "where was I? oh! he looked kindly, friendly—as—when we two were like—brothers; and he said—"

Manuel was now really and intensely agitated. His breath became short and labored—he glared wildly about him on every side. It might be conviction of the utter falsity of his narrative, or that the real terror into which he had wrought himself made him fear that some horrible shape would rise up and brand him perjured and a murderer. For a full moment he appeared unable to go on. His lips moved with a rattling sound, his eyeballs started forward, while Della, who had fallen back against the lounge sat motionless, gazing towards him in blank terror.

THE PROFESSOR LEARNS A FEARFUL SECRET.

A servant came in at that moment to snuff the candles, and as it took some time to remove the three shades, and place them on again, the spell was broken. Manuel lifted himself with a sigh of relief—wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and though his lips trembled, he resumed the story, first protesting that he had rather wait till the morrow—but Della would by no means consent.

"You will not blame me, then—nor hold me responsible for what he said," murmured Manuel, with much effort preventing a recurrence of the strange tremor that had before seized him.

"Well, then," he said, "my friend, you love Della. She does not now return that love, but be patient. You were my companion before I knew her—that fact must strengthen her attachment to you. Be patient, wait—wait"—and repeating the word "wait," most solemnly, most impressively, he vanished, and I was alone. I tried to consider it but as an illusion; in vain. He had been there—the spirit of the man I"—he grew pallid again—again dashed his hand across his face. What power had prevented the articulation of that terrible word that sprang uncalled, unwelcome to his lips—"murdered."

"Manuel, will you ring for Rose? I feel faint and weary," murmured Della.

"Forgive me—I would not have told you, but remember, you insisted."

"Yes, yes—I don't blame you," said Della, with a haste that seemed almost petulance; "I am very weary—and—and it is late," she repeated, with an anxious look. "Good-night," and leaning on Rose, she moved languidly to her room.

"Have I lost or gained?" muttered Manuel.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE TREACHERY.

The next day and the day following, Della was hardly visible. After that, her demeanor towards Manuel was very quiet and self possessed, but not even as fond as it had been before. He often caught her eyes fixed upon him with a strange meaning that he could not read in their depths. She almost avoided him, but when by any accident she met him, but few words passed between them. Manuel was in torture as may well be supposed. Gradually there came gentlemen to see the fair mistress of the house. To be sure they made but short and formal calls, but Manuel grudged the very smiles with which the idol of his soul received them, and wished them all manner of evil. Among those who came most unguardedly, were young Wooden, the Governor's nephew, Earl Tracy, and M. Bernard. These three had still hopes of engaging the fair mistress of the Everglades—although no one of them felt so ardent and undisguised a love as M. Bernard. Earl Tracy unsuspectingly made Manuel his confidant, and as he was noted for his vanity, the former bore the boasting language of his Lordship with commendable patience, until his jealousy was fearfully roused again.

"It is true, I assure you," the Earl said, one day, in his intensely condescending style, "the beautiful girl *loves* me, and I intend to make her Lady Tracy, if her father will give her to me. Of course, you know, he would never refuse, as it is an honor which few untitled men receive to have their daughters demanded in marriage by England's first nobility. Not a bad match in point of looks, eh, Manuel?"

"You look as old as her father," said Manuel bluntly.

"Eh! now really, that is not flattering," said the Count, his cheek reddening a little, "but I can excuse much to those who are not of the *noblesse*. Unfortunately they have not that intuitive perception as to what good manners are, which we of nicer hereditary tastes possess. It seems, at anyrate," he added, incautiously, "the lady herself does not think so—for she has almost as good as consented to shine in the Queen's drawing-rooms, as the beautiful lady of Earl Tracy. Now say, you poor fellow, don't you quite envy me?"

Manuel's eyes flashed fire. The Earl stepped backward uneasily, muttering between his teeth—"it's a Bengal tiger for ferocity, and its eyes are bloody. Egad, I'll get out of its way."

He was not destined, however, to get out of his way as easily as he imagined. That night the Earl went home quite ill. After a week's sickness he returned again, pale and crestfallen, eager to stop some days and recruit. But there the strange malady that made him so powerless, and to which the physician could give no name, attacked him again, and this time with symptoms so marked and dangerous, that it was decided only an entire change of air would give him permanent benefit; and he returned to England alone—pale, weak, verging on to death's door, slowly and gradually declining.

The next to feel the effects of Manuel's mania, was young Wooden. He was now a daily visitor, and with M. Bernard had become conscious of a hope that he was not distasteful to her. Della encouraged neither. She treated them with the respect due to her father's friends, and she was deeply pained to receive, one day, a declaration of love from both young Wooden and M. Bernard. She refused both, but in so gentle and tender a manner, that young Wooden was far from being discouraged, and M. Bernard laid his case before her father, who was delighted, and promised to do all in his power to forward the union. As in the Earl's case, so Manuel was now made a confidant of young Wooden's hopes and fears. He declared his positive belief that Della would, as soon as delicacy allowed, receive him on the footing of an accepted lover; and again Manuel's fierce jealousy was kindled. The continued coldness of Della worked him at times almost into frenzy; and it was in one of his most desponding moods that Wooden communicated with him, viewing him in the light of a brother who took a strong interest in the welfare of so beautiful and gentle a girl.

That night the young man exhibited strange symptoms. He was restless, irritable, or else unwontedly gay, becoming so wild at times that he excited the wonder of the inmates. But the fearful fact was soon ascertained—a tempory madness had seized his brain, and by midnight his raving, his attempts at self-destruction, were terrible to behold. Four strong negroes were unable to master him. The Governor was summoned, physicians were sent for, and under an escort he was conveyed home. When the paroxysm had passed, his health seemed permanently injured. He became subject to fits of despondency—the violent potion which Manuel had administered in wine, having produced a most injurious effect on both mind and body. He too was sent to England, and now only one remained upon the field to contest the point of victory with the half maddened and implacable Dane.

M. Bernard was warmly seconded in his suit by Mr. St. Lemoine. The latter was impressed in his favor from the first; M. Bernard's gentlemanly and unassuming manners had won upon his regards—and he was fabulously wealthy. Not yet thirty-nine, possessing an agreeable face, fine manners, and robust health, he was not wholly unacceptable to Della, who saw that her father had set her heart upon the match, and though she felt that her first, freshest love was buried in the grave with poor young Warren, yet the delicate attentions of M. Bernard, his extreme devotion to her, insensibly paved the way to her preference. Of Manuel's strange warning she had come to think as a dream. Her whole soul recoiled from the idea of wedding the Dane. She knew her proud father would resent such a possibility—that if he dreamed of an attempt on the part of the Dane to speak to her of love, that moment Manuel would be homeless. The more she reflected on the character of her early playmate the less she found to admire. He had shown himself passionate and selfish more than once on the most trifling provocations. The strange, defiant glare of his eye which could yet soften into such tenderness, alarmed her; and she had evidence that his nature, though capable of the fondest love, was yet too subtle and too revengeful to promise happiness. So she allowed herself to be pleased with M. Bernard, well aware that her father, now growing infirm, longed to see his child settled—and though conscious of no quick heart-throb at his approach, yet feeling no dislike of his personal attributes and mental gifts.

But Manuel, and perhaps, also, a higher power, had decreed that it was not to be.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUT IN THE FOREST. THE TENT. THE STRANGE RECOGNITION. WOURALI.

Meanwhile as the moons waxed and waned, professor Vance with his guide and Africans made rapid progress through the woods, and moved leisurely from plain to forest, collecting specimens as he went—setting up his tent near the Indian villages, where he could study the habits of the natives, write down his discoveries, or sketch the wonderful views afforded by that most marvellous part of the world.

It was not his custom to remain long in one place, however, as whenever his immediate work was finished, his mind was assailed by thoughts of the home that had become so attractive to him—the residence of Della St. Lemoine.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "it was premature in me to leave just at this time. I have a fame and fortune; who knows but I might have won her?—and yet I could not make the attempt, with the memory of that poor young fellow's dead face haunting me—it would accuse me as from the grave for my unseemly haste.

No; if Providence intends her for my wife, I am sure some way will be made clear for me; I must in the meantime prosecute my studies, and gather the information they look for so eagerly at home."

One day after his return from a botanical excursion, the professor missed one of his most valuable instruments. Every man was questioned, but none were able to answer for the abstracted article. The professor had left one negro in charge of the valuables—he, on being closely questioned, admitted that he had left the tent for a few moments. During that time some prowling thief must have entered and stolen the missing treasure. It was a very small instrument, but quite valuable, having cost him one hundred dollars, and as the professor intended experimenting with it, the loss annoyed him, exceedingly.

The guide and four of the Africans immediately expressed their willingness to search, and sallied forth, well armed, eager to bring the thief to justice. Directing the men not to remain out longer than till twelve, the professor set up his camp desk, that he might pass the time in writing.

The place in which he had pitched his tents was a natural amphitheatre. In the day time—the sight of the hills greenly clad, the noble sweep of the forest around the circular plot was unusually beautiful, and seen by the light of the moon, its loveliness was agreeably softened. The little home-like tent looked cheerful, illuminated as it was by two candles, and the blaze of a bright fire some few yards from the entrance, which served to banish insects within a certain circumference.

The professor was attired in a strong, dark linen suit, which set off his elegant person to advantage. He had bound a red handkerchief about his hair to keep it from his temples, and whenever he glanced up, the resemblance to Manuel was more than ever striking. His servant stood some distance from him, washing the utensils in which their supper had been cooked. He was a mongrel Indian, possessing the elongated features, high cheek-bones and swarthy skin of the savage, and the crisp, curled hair of the negro. Near him on a temporary stand were scattered luscious fruits, pine-apples, bananas, sour-sop, and pomegranates.

Outside, the night smiled gloriously. Every tree, every shrub, every spear of grass was silvered by the rays of the great white moon, the sky was of that intense blueness that it seemed one inlaid arch, where the stars faintly glittered, the hills in the distance glistened and corruscated as if covered with diamonds, and the almost overpowering fragrance of the flowers, filled the air with an odor that it was ecstacy to breathe.

"Obed, hurry to the spring and bring fresh water," said the professor, turning to his servant. The man caught up a canteen and sallied forth. Even he was struck with the sublimity and beauty of the scene, and uttered an impressive "ky!" as he stood for a moment gazing on the wonderous fairness of the night.

Suddenly he started, gave a shout and tumbled into the tent.

"Master, they's coming," he cried, "I sees their torches, and I knows by the noise they's got something."

"Sure enough," said the professor, standing outside, "the brave fellows have brought two prisoners along with them, haven't they?"

"Yes, two red men, true as you live, master—I knows them by their walk, way off that distance; and now I sees their blankets. Master, if I was you, I'd give 'em a touch of the fire, the Injine thieves—they'd steal the teeth out of a man's head, master—ky! I'll go meet 'em;"—and forgetting the water, he threw down the canteen and hurried towards them. Presently the whole party entered the tent. The captives were closely bound with the natural hemp of the forest, and scowled darkly as they met the eye of professor Vance. One of them, however, betrayed a strange emotion when he saw the professor, and for a moment gave some signs of trepidation. The other kept a sullen, down-look, and stood still and defiant.

"So, you rascals! you are caught, are you?" exclaimed the professor, addressing the tallest and largest. What was his astonishment to hear him reply in tolerable English,

"*You* ketch me, *Mr. Manuel*; but Wa-wa-nosh no got hundred dollars—hundred dollars all gone."

"Where in the world could the fellow have got a hundred dollars for that instrument in these wilds?" queried the professor, with an incredulous look.

"He doesn't mean dat, massa," said a stalwart negro, holding up the article uninjured.

"Hundred dollars all gone," repeated the Indian.

"What hundred dollars?—*what* do you mean, red-skin?" asked the professor, in amaze.

The Indian, for a moment, seemed disinclined to reply save by a grunt, but presently he said,

"You give him to Injun—you carry off white squaw—big white man's daughter, and you give Wa-wa-nosh hundred dollar for it. Hundred dollar all gone; no get him back from Injun."

"What on earth does the fellow mean?" queried the professor, still gazing at him, perplexed.

"Perhaps he takes you for Mr. Manuel, sir, at the Everglades," whispered the guide; "he called you by that name once."

"So he did; well what then? I don't see"—he mused for a moment.

"Then I gave you a hundred dollars to carry off the white squaw. Why didn't you do as you agreed to?"

"River swell big. Me 'fraid big white man come and ketch Wa-wa nosh—kill him. Me know you never come back after that money."

"There's some foul play here," muttered the professor. "Are you sure that I am the man who gave you a hundred dollars?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Indian, sententiously.

"What is my name?" queried the professor.

"You name Mr. Manuel," replied the Indian.

"And what did I hire you to do?"

"Go up in bush—in the woods. Put ropes on your hands and white squaw's hands. Take you off—far, big ways—into Manao."

"Manao!"

"Great gold land—much Injun there. No pale face—pale face never git away—'cause never git there; and something approaching to a smile lit the savage face.

"Hum—hum"—said the professor, running over the incidents in his mind. "There's a mystery here. How would this Indian know anything about such an abduction, if it had not been as he says? I begin to see into the matter. Horrible! The plan was laid by Manuel—this man who resembles me so much, it seems, that even the very Indians observe it. I must keep him with us, if I can."

"No matter about the hundred dollars," he said aloud, lightly, "let it go on condition that you remain, and travel with us a month. Do you understand? I want to find big white lily—the flower that spreads its white leaves on the water. You help me—I give you another hundred."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian with immense satisfaction in look and tone, as though he felt he had some way got out of his trouble, though the blank look that followed, proved that he was not quite secure as to how it might end.

"Very well then—you stay by us while we go to Berbice—the other fellow can go, as I have found the instrument—let him go, men; and if he thieves again, we shall burn him!" With this fearful threat, the Indian was let loose, and bounded from the tent.

"What do you think of the Indian's story?" asked Professor Vance of his guide, an intelligent young fellow.

"I think it appears a little dark for Manuel, sir," replied the other.

"So do I—so do I; I have had my suspicions roused more than once.

"But how comes it, sir, that you look so like Mr. Manuel?" interrogated the man; "at times I could swear you were he."

"Ah! that I don't know," was the reply; "a freak of nature, I suppose. It happens so sometimes, that two men born on opposite sides of a continent, bearing different blood in their veins, resemble each other like twins."

"I should say I was certain you were brothers, sir—if I didn't know."

"I hope not," returned the professor.

"Why, sir—we all like Mr. Manuel, right well, sir," said the guide.

"And I have no occasion to dislike him," said the professor; "on second thought I don't mind looking like him, as it will serve the purposes of justice."

In fourteen days after the capture of Wa-wa-nosh, who had continued very docile, though constantly watched and well guarded, they were some distance on their way to Berbice, where in the adjacent forests grew some wonderful plants of great medicinal virtue.

In their wanderings, they came upon a plain in the midst of a dense forest, that presented a scene of the liveliest description. Upon tall poles were hung strips of gaudy colored cloth or bark—there were tents and huts of recent erection and construction, and nearly a hundred Indians tricked out in their savage finery, seemed to be engaged in traffic with the representatives of four or five different languages.

Here Wa-Wa nosh was of service in explaining the business and intentions of these natives of the interior.

"Him Maconshe Injun, come to sell wourali," he muttered, as they drew near the huts where were exposed curiously tinted boxes, painted and tinselled.

"Wourali! what! that wonderful poison!" exclaimed Professor Vance; "I must have some; it is just what I want."

He accordingly approached one of the huts, where a peculiarly repulsive man seemed to welcome him as if he had known him and trafficked with him before.

"How do!" he cried, stretching out his hand, English fashion, "me glad to see white man again. Got some very strong wourali. Make him myself. Sick seven days after, so they call medicine-man: think I going to die—ugh! Big John no dead yet; live to make much wourali."

"What do you sell it for a box?"

"You give me ten dollars before," said the Indian, slyly.

"I gave *you* ten dollars!" I never saw you before."

"Ugh, ugh!" chuckled the other, "Injun never forgit; big John never forgit. You give me ten dollar before—this much stronger and better; just prick him, he die—pop. Very fine box for ten dollar."

"What do you mean, man!" cried the professor, frowningly; "I tell you I was never here before—never in this country before; I came from America."

"But I sell you box of wourali for ten dollar," persisted the Indian stolidly. "You go away—leave book here—book fall out of your pocket; big John find it—ugh!"

Thus saying, he produced a little red memorandum book, embossed delicately on the cover. The professor opened it curiously, but when he saw the fly-leaf, he wondered no longer. On it was written, in a child's large, awkward hand,

"From Della St. Lemoine to Manuel."

The conviction that flashed upon him now, almost staggered him. He had heard and read wonderful accounts of the wourali poison. For what purpose had the Dane purchased this deadly stuff, and given a sum so extravagant? How instantaneously there came to his memory the dark looks and darker sayings of the man! It appeared plainly now to him that Manuel was a dangerous character, and that his hands were perhaps stained with blood.—The mysterious abduction into the interior stood out to his comprehension a cunning and well managed plot. The Dane was determined to get possession of the girl—that he knew perfectly well, for Wa-wa-nosh had revealed to him Manuel's conversation. But that his vengeance had gone the awful length of striking down a human being in cold blood—of murdering him, assassin-like—that he could then stand over his body, lift it in his perjured arms—that he could look without compunction on the wide-spread ruin he had wrought—that was to him entirely incomprehensible, and horrible in the extreme. However, he kept his convictions to himself, purchased the poison, giving the extravagant price demanded, purchased the book also, and set about making experiments with his wourali.

He bought arrows that he was careful to see prepared with the poison in the best manner. Perceiving that the Indian acted with great cunning and precaution, he placed himself in communication with him, as if he were the person for whom he had been taken.

With an almost overwhelming show of secresy, the Indian now took out a little case made of barbs and quills, and with many signs and grimaces, opened it. It was filled with long, sharp needles. Then the savage produced another box, larger and more ornamented, from which he took a small flat instrument composed of a minute spring and a slender metallic tube. Still riveting his attention, the Indian laid one of the needles in the tube—placed the machine in the hollow of his hand, and pointing it, still in a concealed way, at a bit of wild cotton not much larger than the point of a pin that had caught against the wall of the shanty, he touched the spring, when quick and noiseless the needle flew, and hung quivering in the white lint like substance.

The Indian turned to him again, and with mute, expressive, but horrible pantomime, appeared to ask him if he could use or had used it in that way.

He bent his head while a sickening sensation came over him, and his heart sank within him. As in a mirror he saw the deed done. This infernal machine, as he conjectured by the signs, left no mark, but was dipped in the strongest solution of the poison, and sent, perhaps, its length into the quivering flesh, when instantaneous death was the result. He bought a box of the hideous instruments, giving as before for the poison, an unprecedented price, and experimented upon some fowls. In every case, death was certain, sudden; and apparently without anguish. He was destined to see its effects still more painfully displayed.

One day he accepted an invitation to witness a tapir-hunt. In the course of the chase they came to a forest where numberless red monkeys chattered in the trees. One of the Indians took a poisoned arrow and fired at a little fellow who grinned from the loftiest branch. It was nearly a perpendicular shot. The arrow missed the monkey, and in the descent struck the Indian in the arm a little above the elbow, slightly drawing blood. With a look which no language could express, the poor Indian turned to the wound.

"I must die," he said, "it is all over with me. I shall never see my little children again. I shall never," said he, in a faltering voice, and looking at his bow as he spoke, "I shall never bend this bow again."

He then feebly unstrung his little bamboo-poison-box, which hung across his shoulder, and putting it with his bow and arrows on the ground, he laid himself close down beside them and never spoke again. The Indians gathered about their dying comrade, and stood looking sadly on. The professor examined the body, and noticed the same peculiarities which the physician had pointed out in the case of poor young Warren. The quiet, composed demeanor, the pleasant expression of countenance—the look so little like death.

And now the time to which the professor had limited himself was drawing to a close.—He had collected many valuable plants, animals, and minerals. He had nearly fifty superb specimens of aquatic plants, and almost every variety of the lily to be found in the rivers. It was with singular sensations that he turned his face toward the Everglades, bearing evidence as he did of the awful crimes of a fellow being, one in whom he had felt some interest, and who had been the daily companion for years of the sweet girl to whom his own heart turned with strange, yearning tenderness. He still retained Wa-wa-nosh in his confidence. The Indian had instructions how to act if his appearance was necessary. Wa-wa-nosh had not, without the greatest difficulty, been made to believe that Manuel and the professor were not one and the same person. He had become extremely attached to his patron, and readily and willingly confided in him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth; they only serve
To rouse us up, as children at the school
Are roused up to exertion; our reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize.
Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,
Having by favor, or inheritance,
The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond
Them all, and foremost in the race succeeds.
His joy is not that he has got his crown,
But that the power to win the crown is his.

—*Gathe.*

☞ Mr. Harris "was never more s-s-sober in the whole course of his life," but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would "wait till one came round."

☞ An Irish paper, describing a late duel, says that one of the combatants was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh bone.

☞ How to Quench Thirst with Sea-Water.—The skin absorbs water enough to quench thirst, but when salt water is used, the salt is strained out and excluded. If persons destitute of fresh water at sea will dip towels in salt water and wear them around the abdomen, renewing them every hour or two, they will scarcely suffer at all from thirst.

☞ A Proper Name.—The Express informs its readers that we have a Bourbon among us, in the person of the Prince de Joinville, who is travelling *incog*, under the name of Francois D'Arc. The name certainly shows great taste in selection, and the longer the Prince keeps Dark, the less likely is he to be discovered.

☞ Did the horseman who "scoured the plain" use soap? Yes, for his horse was covered with lather.

☞ An old lady, being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

☞ An apothecary in the country sent a lady three draughts, and on being asked what effect they were intended to produce, said, "The first, madam, is to warm you, the second to cool you, and the third is to prevent the excessive effect of either."

☞ No man ever knows when, where, or whom he'll marry. It is all nonsense planning and speculating about it. You might as well look out for a spot to fall in a steeple-chase. You come smash down in the very middle of your speculations.

☞ The Rev. Charles Brooks, in his interesting History of Medford, gives an account of a marriage in that town in "ye olden times," where the bridal party on horseback, not finding the gentleman at home who was to officiate, started in pursuit, and meeting him in the public highway on his horse, the ceremony was performed in the open air, all the persons present retaining their places in the saddle.

☞ Remember what a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of *your* faults.

☞ A New Reading.—Considering what it costs to get into Parliament, M. P. must mean Money Power.—*Punch.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, *if* paid in advance $3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *whole* year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE APPLE-PIE MELON.

A California correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, does not think very highly of the Apple-pie, or "Japan" pie melon, as a substitute for the common apple or peach. He says:—

For a time, when it was first introduced, it had a great run; just as anything new will have—just as this no doubt will have in your State, until everybody has tried it, and grown tired of it. Before the time when fruit had begun to be raised here in such quantities as to place it in the reach of all—for instance, when an apple or a peach could not be had for less than from $3 to $5, and when the greater portion of the people, having been so long without tasting any fresh fruit of any kind, had so nearly forgotten how it tasted that they were ready to be imposed upon by anything that could be made to have the slightest taste approaching to that of fruit—then the pie-melon was all the rage, because by giving it in the apple pie something like the place the boulder occupied in the stone soup of the Yankee—by seasoning it well with spices, and sugar, and acid, it could be made into a pretty fair pie; and as it was *Hobson's choice* anyhow, everybody endeavored to make the best of it, and so apple-melon-pie was esteemed by common consent one of the luxuries of the day. It is but a few years since it was sold in the San Francisco market for fifty cents per pound. But after everybody had made pretty free use of it, and it had gotten to be rather an old story, and when peaches and other fruit had become so reduced in price that a pie could be occasionally made of them, and people were able to compare the taste of the two, they were compelled to admit, like the man with the broiled crow, that though apple melon pie was good, and they liked it, yet they didn't "hanker arter it;" and now the melons cannot be sold in any part of California *at any price*. Last fall, thousands of them rotted in the fields in this neighborhood, because nobody would take them *as a gift*; and, in a year or two, I do not suppose that, except as an occasional novelty, they will be known in the State.

It is astonishing, at first view, the amount of "humbug"—to use an expressive phrase—which is yearly attempted to be palmed off upon the agricultural community, and often with no inconsiderable success. There seems to be always some fresh device ready to take the place of the stale or exploded ones. Occasionally, we grant, as in the case of the Chinese Sugar Cane, the new article proves itself on trial, to possess a real value; but, as a general thing, as in the cases of the merino sheep, the morus multicaulis, and the shanghae chickens, that which is so highly vaunted is generally found to be worthless.

The great mistake of the agricultural community, in reference to such matters, seems to be this—that they are in too much of a hurry. If any new thing, of a really useful character, be introduced, a year or two will make it manifest to all, and make it plenty too. There are always those who have both the ability and the money to test all new articles, and to whom the loss of a few hundred dollars is a matter of very little consequence. When such pronounce their verdict in favor of a new plant, it is time for the great majority of farmers to begin to think about it a little. Why should a hard-working man worry his brain about apple-melons, for instance, when he has plenty of the apples themselves? Let his wealthy neighbor, who likes to have some investigation going on, to lighten his heavy purse a little, and amuse his leisure hours, test the virtues of the melon in question. Said neighbor, of course, will grow the melon again the second year, if it be barely eatable the first, and pronounce it a valuable contribution to the products of the country; but the *third* year his verdict may be received, that is, with a considerable degree of allowance; and the *fourth* year it may be accepted implicitly, especially if you happen to see the melons in the trough of the hog-pen.

Ah, well—humbug, perhaps, would not be so much the order of the day in agriculture, were it not that the community seem to enjoy it. What a nice excitement our agricultural friends, and especially the city farmers, had with Shanghae chickens. They would not be convinced, they did not want to be convinced that it was a humbug. They had their fun out of it—and that was of more importance. Life—so far as chickens were concerned—was raised for the moment above the dull prosaic ground of fact, into the romantic regions of poetry and fiction. Nobody would have been humbugged by the Shanghaes, if everybody had not wanted to be humbugged. A sensible man's life was not safe in a Shanghae Convention. Only when all the excitement and romance had been got out of the chicken question that it would afford, did our agricultural friends consent to come down again into the sober regions of dull truth and prose.

On the whole, therefore, we do not know that, viewing the matter philosophically, we are opposed to the constant succession of agricultural humbugs. They give very probably a zest and interest to the life of the farmer which it may greatly need, and which he seems to be abundantly willing to pay for. We would not therefore speak too harshly of those who minister to his pleasure in this respect. On the contrary, we would suggest to them to be up and doing. The Apple-pie Melon, with seeds at a cent apiece, is probably by this time exhausted—and it is full time for something new. What shall we have next? We cannot tell for the life of us—but we have little doubt that the inventive genius to which the country is indebted for the merino sheep, the morus multicaulis, the Shanghae chickens, the Chinese yam, and, last and least, the Japan pie-melon, will prove fully adequate to the exigencies of the occasion, and give us something worthy of a year distinguished by the Presidential election and the arrival of the Japanese ambassadors.

FRANKLIN'S LEGACY.

We find the following interesting statement in the "Ohio Farmer," relative to Benjamin Franklin's legacy for the benefit of poor young men:—

The Franklin Mechanics' Institute reminds us of the interest Franklin had in the working man. It will be remembered that he gave in his will, to Philadelphia and Boston, a sum of money, the interest of which was to be loaned to young artisans, for the purpose of furnishing themselves with tools. Any young apprentice in the city, can go to the Institute, where he is furnished with books on various subjects. He reads in these as his time will permit, and the number of hours he spends in reading is marked to his credit by the attendant. *When the number of hours amounts to one thousand, he is entitled to the loan of a certain sum of money, to be paid at the end of a given time.* This money to be used to furnish him with the necessaries to commence business.

We suppose by the "Franklin Mechanics' Institute," must be meant the Apprentices' Library Company. We did not know that said Library Company was the custodian of Franklin's famous legacy, or that it had established the amusing rule of one thousand hours' reading, referred to above. For that matter, we confess to having an impression—derived from no particular source—that it would be about as easy for a young mechanic to borrow any of the money left by the great philosopher, as it would be to obtain possession of the famous "philosopher's stone," which transmuted all baser metals into gold. We are glad to find, from our Ohio contemporary, that we were mistaken, and that Franklin's legacy is even now fulfilling its benevolent mission.

The Japanese.—All Philadelphia turned out to see the Japanese on Saturday, as if our citizens had never seen a "culled pusson" before. The Japanese manifested, the reporters say, signs of "weariness"—and could hardly be persuaded out of their rooms on Monday. If anything more ridiculous than this curiosity to see the Japanese, and more ill-advised than these public paradings of them, ever was known in this country, we are not aware of it. The whole thing is the "height of the ridiculous," and must lower instead of raising America in the view of the ambassadors. No wonder that our foreign visitors, of all colors, generally go home and laugh at us—we generally deserve it.

☞ We saw a typographical error in one of the Reviews, the other day, that was good in its way. The name of the poet Tennyson was misprinted Teunyson—which, considering the tuneful and melodious character of that poet's verse, seemed quite an appropriate cognomen.

Strawberry Festival.—A strawberry festival is to be held at the residence of Mr. Eastwick, below Gray's Ferry—the Bartram's Botanic Garden of old times—by the ladies of St. James' Church, Kingsessing, on the afternoons of June 13th and 14th.

☞ The *Germantown Telegraph* has neglected to credit The Post with the excellent story of "Haunted, or the Third Wife." Will the *Telegraph* please make the proper acknowledgment?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hawksview; A Family History of Our Own Times. By Holme Lee, author of "Against Wind and Tide," &c. Published by W. A. Townsend & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Margaret Moncrieyfe; the First Love of Aaron Burr. A Romance of the Revolution. With an Appendix containing the letters of Col. Burr to "Kate" and "Eliza," and from "Leonora," &c. By Charles Burdett, author of "Three Per Cent. a Month," &c. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Sermons by Rev. William Morley Punshon. To which is prefaced a Plea for Class Meetings, and an Introduction, by Rev. William H. Milburn. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Bobbin Boy; or, How Nat Got his Learning. An Example for Youth. By William M. Thayer, author of "The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince," &c. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston; and for sale by Samuel Hazard, Jr., Philada.

The Little Beauty. By Mrs. Grey, author of "The Gambler's Wife," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

Lucile. A Drama by Owen Meredith, author of "The Wanderer," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

Church Choral Book: containing Tunes and Hymns for Congregational Singing, and adapted to Choirs and Social Worship. By B. F. Baker and J. W. Tufts. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Text Book of Intellectual Philosophy, for Schools and Colleges. By J. T. Champlin, D. D., President Waterville College. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Dickens' Short Stories. Containing thirty-one Stories. By Charles Dickens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

Grasses and Forage Plants. A Practical Treatise, comprising their Natural History, Comparative Nutritive Value, Methods of Cultivating, Cutting and Curing, &c. By Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. With 170 illustrations. Fifth edition. Revised and enlarged. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Milch Cows and Dairy Farming; Comprising Breeding and Management, Production of Milk, Butter and Cheese, Dairy Management, &c. By Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. Liberally illustrated. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Home and College. A Public Address, delivered in the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, March 8, 1860, by F. D. Huntingdon, Preacher to the University, &c. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Central Gold Region. The Grain, Pastoral and Gold Regions of North America. By William Gilpin, late of the U. S. Army. Illustrated by Maps. Published by Sower, Barnes & Co., Philada., and E. K. Woodward, St. Louis.

The Iron Mask; being the Final Conclusion of "The Three Guardsmen," &c. By Alexandre Dumas, author of "The Count of Monte Christo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Wild Nell, The White Mountain Girl. By Mrs. H. J. Moore, author of "The Golden Legacy," &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Hand Book of Artillery, for the Service of the U. S. (Army and Militia.) By Capt. Joseph Roberts, U. S. Army. Published by D. Van Nostrand, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Abraham Lincoln—His Life, Speeches and Public Services. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

The Guillotine; or, The Death of Morgan. By Alexandre Dumas. Published by E. D. Long & Co., New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

Royalists and Republicans; or, The Companions of Jehu. By Alexandre Dumas. Published by E. D. Long & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

TUPPER'S SONNET CCCI.

TO MY FIVE NEW KITTENS.

Soft little beasts, how pleasantly ye lie
Snuggling and snoozing by your purring sire,
Mother I mean (but sonnet-rhymes require
A shorter word, and boldly I defy
Those who would tie the bard by pedant rule.)
Oh, kittens, you're not thinking, I'll be bound,
How three of you had yesterday been drowned
But that my little boy came home from school,
And begged your lives, though Cook remonstrance made,
Declaring we were overrun with cats,
That licked her cream-dish and her butter-pats;
But childhood's pleadings won me, and I said—
"Oh, Cook, we'll keep the innocents alive;
They're five, consider, and you've fingers five."

☞ Equivocal Advertisement.—The following notice might have been seen some time ago stuck up in a corset-maker's shop window in Glasgow—"*All sorts of ladies stays here.*"

☞ Every household has its pet names. Mr. Jones enchants his helpmate by calling her "his idol." Jones, however, privately spells it *i-d-l-e*. Mrs. Jones is a nice woman—an affectionate woman—but she has a constitutional aversion to working.

☞ The negroes in Washington thought the honors extended to the Japanese in that city very funny. "Why," exclaimed one of them, "dey ain't nothin' more'n colored folks wid their heads shaved. Plenty colored folks in dis town whiter den dey is. Better not come here. Go to foolin' round too much, somebody snake 'em off to Orleans and sell 'em! Der Lord bless us, any how; niggers is lookin' up!"

☞ In a cemetery in Dunkirk, N. Y., a stone is erected over the remains of a deceased old lady, on which her friends intended to write the stock epitaph, "Let her rest in peace." The space gave out at the word "her," so that only the initial letters of the remainder could be inserted. Thus the dear old lady was consigned to the mould with the somewhat equivocal inscription—"Let her r. i. p."

☞ The worst way of pitching into a fellow, and making him feel generally like a goose, is to tar and feather him.

To Intelligent Musicians.—May not a bar of very exultant music be called a crow-bar?

In what Bank are the eight notes you talk of raising?

Is an air called a "strain" on account of the labor of performing it?

Can you do a good turn in a natural way?

Is not the influence of flats rather depressing in hot weather?

Is there necessarily anything green about a pastoral symphony?

Are agricultural youths partial to the haut-boy?

Can a French horn intoxicate?

Could you open a musical entertainment without the key?

Is concert pitch good to "chaw?"—*Momus.*

A Good Practice.—Stopping at a village over one hundred miles from Chicago, on the Illinois Central Railroad, we observed a merchant burning straw and coarse hay in front of his store, as fast as he took it from boxes and crates, which he was unpacking. We supposed we divined the cause, but being a little surprised at such care and forethought, made bold to inquire, and were informed that this was done to prevent the introduction of bad weeds, and that it was the usual practice with many merchants at the West. Such care years ago might have prevented the introduction of the *Canada Thistle*, the *Hessian Fly*, and the *Wheat Midge*, and saved our country many millions of dollars.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TROPICAL VEGETATION.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

From the Unpublished Notes of an Artist.

A short and pleasant trip of five days from New York, will bring the traveller to the shores of Cuba, where, in the middle of winter, he may see that luxuriance of vegetable life that marks the torrid zone. On entering the harbor of Havana, the attention is called to some trees bordering the amphitheatre of hills that surround the city, towering far above everything else, like landmarks to guide coasting vessels in the dense morning fogs so common on the island. These, the pines, often reach the height of one hundred feet, but, unlike the dense foliage of those of our own country; the leaves are but thinly spread over the branches, giving a peculiar light, feathery appearance, which contrasts strangely with the thick, dark green robes of almost every other tree. On account of their great height, they are occasionally planted at the entrances of coffee estates in long avenues, and their light tapering arms wave in the light breeze that scarce can move the long pendant leaves of the lananna at their feet. But by far the most stately of all the Cuban trees is the royal palm—whenever and wherever seen it commands our admiration. Rising from the ground, one straight shaft of a light ash color, often two feet in diameter, and sixty in height, it seems as if nature had attempted to make a column, in imitation of man, for the shrine of some rural divinity. Yet the resemblance extends no further than the summit of the gray pillar. On the top of the trunk and perfectly vertical, stands another and a smaller shaft, of bright green, varying from five to seven feet in length, rounded at the base—from the top of which, spread out on every side, are twelve or fifteen leaves, of the same number of feet in length. This green column is the footstalks of the leaves, firmly wrapped in concentric folds. Every month, the outer one belonging to the lower leaf changes from its rich green to a russet brown, and the whole leaf then falls—to be used by the *guahire* or countryman to thatch his rude abode, or else, as a wrapper for those endless piles of tobacco leaves, that find their way to the mouths of the lovers of the best "Havanas." As one leaf falls another shoots out at the top of the tree—first, a thin, green wand, thickening every day until in a week or two it unrolls and displays its fine proportions, that reminds one, at a distance, of the plumage of the ostrich. Nothing can be imagined more regal than two straight lines of these trees, a mile or more in length, leading up to the dwelling of the rich proprietor of a coffee estate. The straight columns form a fine contrast with the curved leaf stems, which are almost hid by the leaflets starting out in every direction. The smooth, shining trunks, marked only by faint transverse lines, the scars left by the falling leaves—are the more conspicuous from their dark background of green, while the pale green blossoms, or the bright red-ripe berries, add greater beauty to the whole scene.

The royal palm, being of endogenous growth, we consequently find in its stem but little wood. Slabs from the outside can be obtained from one to two inches thick. These are used for building and fencing, but are not equal to other varieties of wood found in abundance in Cuba. The fruit, which grows in clusters that weigh, when ripe, from fifty to sixty pounds, is given to the pigs; and the many branched stem, from which the berries have been stripped, is used as a coarse country broom.

The cocoa nut palm rarely attains the size of the royal palm. Unlike the other, its trunk is always curved and twisted as if by violent winds. The leaves, which resemble those of some ferns, are often eighteen feet long, the lower part, at its junction with the tree, being covered with a curiously woven light brown matting, that would pass for the work of a South Sea Islander. As the cocoa nut is constantly bearing, buds, blossoms and fruit, from the size of a walnut to its full growth, may be seen at all times. It is not uncommon to find twenty five or thirty in one cluster, and one of the latter shoots out with every leaf. The fruit is used or taken to market before it is ripe, and sold under the name of *cocas de agua*, or water cocoa nuts. In this state, the inside is filled with a cool, pleasant juice, not so sweet as when ripe, but very grateful to the thirsty traveller. At the railroad stations in Cuba, they are generally to be found among the refreshments offered at the stalls. The juice only is used,—the nut being afterwards thrown away, as the meat, in that state of unripeness, is not more than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and almost as insipid as the white of an egg.

The fruit trees of this island, among which we may designate the *anon*, *sapote*, *pomarcos*, *mango*, *aguacate*, &c., are mostly of large growth. The orange rarely exceeds 20 feet in height, and the branches are often armed with short thorns. Nothing can be more refreshing than a full ripe China orange, fresh picked from the tree, and eaten at noon under the thick branches dotted with its golden fruit.

The banana grows luxuriantly on the island. The whole trunk is so spongy, that one can readily thrust a pointed stick of wood through it. There are seven or eight varieties cultivated, but the manner of growth is the same. The stalk rises from the root, without branches, and reaches out its soft, velvety leaves six or seven feet. In eight months, the cluster fruit is matured, and then it is taken off the tree, or more properly the stem is cut down, and another shoots up from the root. At all times of the year bunches of ripe bananas may be seen in the markets in Cuba.

☞ A gentleman writing of his experience at the West, in an article for the "Laws of Life," says: "It was fashionable in those times for families to employ physicians by the year. Father employed Dr. T. for fifteen dollars per year, and father found medicine. Mr. R. employed Drs. J. and H. at fifteen dollars per year, and they found medicine."

☞ The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, and without pity—save that some say, "It was a pity he died no sooner."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Move in the Right Direction—The Little Prince and his Guests—An Active Reformer—Turning the Tables—A Pretext for Gossip—A Scene in Jerusalem—Jack Frost Turned Teacher.

Paris, May 18, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Much interest has been manifested in France, of late years, in regard to the amelioration of the dwellings occupied by the laboring classes. A grant of 100,000 francs was lately made by the Government to the town of Lille, to be devoted to the erection of houses for the workmen o' that locality; where the attention of the public was first called to the subject by the formation of a company, in 1853, by the Messrs Scrive, who, with a capital of 300,000 francs, and a subsidy of 179,600 francs, built 234 houses for workmen, the rent of which was fixed at 10 francs ($2 00) a month. Each of these houses contained four rooms. The unmarried men were placed in houses of eight rooms, and paid one franc and a half a month, or one *sou* a day. The company had taken the engagement never to receive more than 4 per cent. interest on its advances.

At Rouen, and at Marseilles, similar houses have been erected in a similar manner. At Mulhausen, a company was also formed for the same purpose, in 1853, with a capital of 300 000 francs, and with the aid of a small subsidy, built a number of houses, each of which was let to a single family. Every house had a court and garden, and was perfectly isolated from the others. Their rent can never exceed 8 per cent. of cost, and they are sold to workmen, wishing to purchase, at the exact cost price. Houses having a superficies of 40 *metres*, (130 feet,) with a garden of 120 *metres*, and containing kitchen, cellar, and a room with an alcove, on the ground floor, two rooms above, water closet and garret, cost 1,868 francs. Larger houses cost from 2,525 francs to 2 900. The conditions of purchase are:—A sum paid down of from 300 to 500 francs, according to the value of the house, and afterwards from 20 to 30 francs a month, so as to pay off two thirds of the capital, the interest at 5 per cent., and the charges of the purchase, in six or seven years. The remaining third of the original price is lent by the Credit Foncier Company, on the annual payment for 30 years of a compound interest which represents the sinking fund of the loan. In the quarter where these houses are situated, there are two schools, a wash-house, and a bathing establishment.

The *Cite Ouvriere*, an immense house, divided into apartments of one or more rooms, to suit the convenience of single workmen and families, which was built some ten or a dozen years ago in the upper part of the Rue Rochechouart of this city, has proved not only a great blessing to the class who tenant it, but also a very safe speculation to its builders. It is always full, and many more applications are made for rooms than can be granted. The rents are made as low as is compatible with the payment of an interest of 5 per cent. on the capital invested; and the tenants have the advantage of far better accommodations than they could obtain elsewhere, even for a much higher rent.

The Parisians, who are never satisfied unless they have a bit of gossip to circulate, and who generally enjoy the circulation of these improvisations in direct proportion to their ill-nature, got up a story, last week, to the effect that the little Prince Imperial had been so very impertinent and naughty to his mamma, that the Emperor had caused him to be degraded from his rank in the Guards, and, to make the lesson more severe, had also deprived him, in presence of that regiment, of his uniform. Strange to say, the *Moniteur* has come out with a contradiction of this very improbable bit of gossip, attributing to "political animosity" the calumny "thus directed against a child whose tender years ought to protect him from attack, even did he not, by his remarkable intelligence, and the proofs he so constantly gives of his unusual goodness of heart, show himself worthy of the admiration and affection of all about him." Since which magnanimous defence of the little fellow, the official journal has informed us that his Imperial Highness, having manifested a wish to see the children of the Imperial Guard, the Emperor allowed those belonging to the regiment now in Paris to be brought to the Tuileries, a few days ago. Accordingly, about five in the afternoon, about 150 of these boys were marched to the Palace, where Marshal Renaud de St. Jean d'Angely, Gen. Mellinet, and the Colonels of the first division of the infantry of the Guard, had also assembled. The little Prince placed himself in their ranks, and the whole party then defiled before the Emperor and Empress, after which, they marched off to a collation prepared for them, the Emperor and Empress presiding at the *fete*. Of course, the boys were highly delighted at this "distinguished" treatment, and shouted lustily in honor of the Prince on drinking his health. The latter, who enjoyed the affair fully as much as his guests, replied to this ovation by giving "The Army, and the Children of the Guard," a toast which had probably been suggested to the young gent'eman before sitting down to table, but which, the *Moniteur* declares, "was not expected from a child of his age, and gave great pleasure to all present."

The desire of the Emperor to keep the army in good humor is evident on all occasions; and the important part still attributed by all the Continental Governments to the musket and bayonet seem to indicate that we are not yet very near the millennium. The universal arming of the Governments of Europe may, or may not, be the precursor of a general storm; but that sharp work will soon be seen in Italy, it seems impossible to doubt. General Lamoriciere is doing his utmost to get up a Papal army, and to get it into fighting order. As remarked in a previous letter, he is equally clever as a General and as an organizer; and though the number of officers who volunteer into the Papal service is said to outnumber that of the privates, he seems to be succeeding in forming a corps which threatens to be troublesome, if not dangerous, to the Italians. The stories circulating here in illustration of the abuses brought to light by the General, are sufficiently amusing. Among other things, he is said to have found that 2,537 officers or soldiers who figured on the lists of the army, had no existence, but that pay was regularly drawn for them. He was also told that captains made it a rule not to mention the numerous desertions which take place in their companies; 1st, in order not to disturb the good opinion which the Pope has of his army; and 2nd, in order to receive the same pay for their troops. The General, having determined to reorganize the Pontifical Dragoons, who were dissolved some time ago, but of whom 150 remained, found that his determination excited much opposition. He at last asked to see the helmets and uniforms of the Dragoons, but was told that they had been sold.

"To whom?" inquired the General.

"To the manager of a theatre."

"For how much?"

"For three *paolis* per helmet."

"How much did each helmet cost?"

"Forty-eight *paolis*."

"Send for the manager," said the General. The manager made his appearance.

"You must bring back to me all the helmets you have purchased," said the General, "and you shall be paid for them."

"How much shall I receive?" inquired the manager.

"Three *paolis* each, what you paid for them!" replied the General.

"General," exclaimed the unfortunate manager, "I paid 25 *paolis* per helmet, as you will see by this receipt!" and he produced a paper proving that he had really paid that sum!

The General has also compelled the Cardinals to name a new War-Minister, Cardinal Merode, who seems determined to second the French General with all his might. It seems that when the Cardinal went to the Ministry of War for the first time, he found the doors and windows closed, and the clerks all absent. He sent for them in the course of the day, and said:—

"Gentlemen, I rise every morning at five o'clock, I say mass at six, I breakfast at seven—I shall always be at the Ministry by eight, and I will make a note, on the first occasion, of those I find absent; if the same thing occurs a second time, you will receive a caution; and the third time, you will be dismissed."

Strange to say, however, we are not without indications that lead us to suspect that the Emperor, who never does things like other people, and who seems to like to make the European public suppose that he is doing exactly the opposite of what he is really about, has only allowed the clergy and their abettors to have their own way in getting up help for the Pope, in order to take them in their own snare.

The recruitings and subscriptions going on so ostentatiously in this country and throughout Catholic Europe, on behalf of the Pope, have just produced a counter movement among the Democratic party, which, unless the government interfere, may give a turn to affairs in Italy not exactly agreeable to the partisans of absolutism. Delegates representing no less, it is said, than 10,000 of the workingmen of Paris, have been to the offices of one of the leading journals here, *L'Opinion Nationale*, offering their services to Garibaldi, in aid of the Sicilian movement. "The Government allows recruits and money to go to the Pope; very good; it cannot, therefore, object to the sending of recruits and money in aid of the Italian patriots." The editors of the journal in question—one of those which advocate most warmly the Imperial dynasty and policy—has accordingly opened a subscription for sending men, money and arms to Garibaldi; the editors heading the list with their own names to the amount of 4,000 francs.

"What will the Government do under these circumstances?" is the question in everybody's mouth; the general opinion being that it will not prevent such a movement on the part of private individuals; rumor, indeed, asserting that the Emperor has already allowed it to be understood that any funds, so collected will be safely transmitted to the heroic soldiers of Italian independence. This movement, taken in conjunction with Lord John Russell's declaration, a few nights since in the House of Commons, that "the transmission of funds for such a purpose, by private individuals, is not contrary to English law," would seem to add a certain weight to the belief, which now seems universal in Italy, that the Governments of France, England and North Italy are secretly favoring Garibaldi; and that the French army at Rome will be recalled as soon as matters are ripe for Garibaldi's settlement of Lamoriciere and his *Papalini*.

As any active interference of the Emperor in the affairs of South Italy would probably lead to a general conflagration, this tacit support—which would undoubtedly suffice to enable the Italian patriots to clear the peninsula of its domestic foes, and unite it under the constitutional sway of Victor Emmanuel—would really be one of the very cleverest and most beneficial of "dodges."

While the political and diplomatic worlds are so full of apparent possibilities of conflict, their representatives in this lively city seem to be on the best possible terms with one another.

The Annual Fair, which is gotten up here by the English residents for the benefit of indigent British subjects, has just been held, as usual, in the state apartments of the British Embassy, nearly all the foreign ambassadresses assisting Lady Cowley and her English aids at the various stalls. The Emperor had allowed a quantity of English articles—porcelain, ladies hats and feathers, &c.—to be brought into France for this fair free of duty; and these things were bought up eagerly by the visitors. The gardens were thrown open for the occasion, and a band of music was in attendance. All the "wealth and fashion" now congregated in Paris, native and foreign, patronized the bazaar; the Emperor and the Empress visiting it on the first day, and making several purchases. After three days of successful trading, the fair saleswomen "shut up shop;" and the articles still undisposed of are to be raffled for a few days hence. Plenty of nonsense, of course, is talked about this fair; such gathering being always a fruitful theme for gossips and scandalmongers. A fair held a short time ago, in behalf of another charity, was even more prolific in *canards* than this one. The Princess de Metternich, who seems to have rapidly acquired a reputation for boydenish pranks, is declared to have given a gentleman a pretty hard thump on the shoulder as he passed at her stall, demanding 30 francs of him as the price of that delicate piece of attention, and adding, "a kiss is 50 francs!" Another lady is said to have sold to a gentleman customer, for twenty francs, the privilege of kissing as much of her fair arm as he could get at between the top of her glove and the band of her sleeve; in fact there is no end to the gossip, often far from edifying, set afloat after every such gathering.

But fancy fairs are not the only pretexts for scandal which our incomprehensible little planet thinks fit to furnish to itself. Matters the most serious, and ceremonies designed to be the most solemn, become, in unworthy hands, as everybody knows, the occasion for any amount of absurdity. Thus the recurrence of the festival of Easter Sunday, has again been made the excuse for a renewal of the pretended miracle of the "Sacred Fire," by the Greek, Armenian, and Coptic clergy of Asia Minor. The Russian clergy stood aloof from the affair, and the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem took every precaution to prevent the lamentable disorders so generally attendant on these "high tides" in the birth place of the Christian faith. A company of Moslem soldiers mounted guard in the church of the Holy Sepulchre; and pickets of troops formed a double line about the church, and along every avenue leading to its doors. The utmost exertions of these troops were scarcely sufficient to maintain order among the crowds who sought to force their way to the two openings whence the pretended "Fire from Heaven" is made to issue, close to which stood a couple of deacons, Greek and Armenian, robed in their dalmatics, ready to receive the fire, and communicate it to the deputies from the neighboring Greek villages, who stood there with lanterns, ready, in turn, to receive the flame, and carry it to their townsmen. About two o'clock, the noisy and impatient crowd were partially silenced by the approach of the Superior of the Coptic monks, wearing a chlamyo of many colors thrown over his shoulders, and on his head a tall, conical cap; he was preceded by two Mussulman porters, who made him sit down on a stone bench near the entrance to the sepulchre, he not being entitled to enter first. Next were seen advancing from the choir a dozen banners, borne by stout young Greeks, with bare, tattooed arms, who took their stand in front of the statues of the Apostles. These youths, as they advanced, assumed a variety of burlesque attitudes; apparently under the direction of a Greek priest with a long white beard. They were followed by twelve priests in rich white dresses, and the Archbishop of Petra, all chanting the "*Kyrie Eleison*," and the procession, having twice made the tour of the sacred monument, stopped before the door. Each of the ministers then hurriedly stripped off his ornaments, and the prelate entered the Chapel of the Angel; he was immediately followed by the Greek Patriarch, and the poor Coptic Abbot was thrust in after them. The noise and confusion were now at their height; and the soldiers had great difficulty in maintaining their positions against the eager pressure of the multitude. The miracle was not long delayed; a pale light was seen to issue from the two openings; the two deacons caught the celestial flame, and hastily retired, followed by a crowd of devotees all anxious to light their tapers at the privileged torch. The nearer its source the fire is obtained, the greater are supposed to be its virtues. The most extraordinary powers are attributed to this fire, which is supposed to remove all impurities both of soul and body. The chief performers remained a short time in the Holy Sepulchre; and then the Archbishop, the Patriarch, and the Copt came forth with haggard looks, as though overcome by the scene they had beheld in its interior, and were eagerly received by their respective priests in attendance. This impudent juggle being over, the spectators dispersed. The Latins, who patronise the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the dropping of blood from numerous images, the periodical winking of pictured virgins, and innumerable other "miracles" every whit as absurb as this of the "Sacred Fire," not having taken this particular "manifestation" under their auspices, are, of course, most prodigiously shocked and scandalised thereat.

"'Tis strange there should such difference be
'Twixt tweedl*edum* and twedl*eder*!"

but so it is; the "mote" and the "beam" being proverbially blind to their own existence, and sharpsighted to that of each other.

A good deal more useful to humanity are the workers of those real prodigies, the discoveries of science, from which an everwidening circle of benefits goes forth for mankind. One of these workers, Dr. Pirogoff, an eminent Russian surgeon, has just devised a new method of dissection by which the real position of the internal organs of the body can now, for the first time, be obtained; the softness, flabbiness, and unelasticity produced by death, rendering it impossible to obtain a section of the body in the same relative position of its parts as that which they occupied during life. By subjecting the dead body to a cold of 15° Fahrenheit, for the space of three days previous to dissection, the body becomes as hard as wood, and can be cut, in any direction, by means of the circular saw, in slices as thin as a shilling-piece; the increase by congelation of the volume of the moisture contained in the organs, counterbalancing the contraction these organs would otherwise undergo. In this way Dr. Pirogoff has obtained surfaces which have enabled him to publish an anatomical atlas of every part of the human body, seen under three different aspects. In order to copy a section of the body thus obtained, he passes lightly over the frozen slice with a warm sponge; the surface is thus thawed for an instant, but a transparent film of ice is immediately afterwards formed over it. A pane of glass with lines drawn on it crossing each other at right angles, so as to form so many squares, is then laid upon the icy film, and the surface copied out upon paper also divided into squares like the glass. By this means the greatest precision is attained. The principle of refrigeration has been carried still farther by this ingenious inventor, who, by exposing a corpse to a cold of 4° Fahrenheit, reduces it to the consistency of stone, and then operates upon it like a sculptor, with mallet and chisel, laying all the viscera open, without in the slightest degree disfiguring them. He has thus been enabled to ascertain that the cavities of the mouth, nose, tympanum, and respiratory organs are the only ones that contain air; and that all the other parts of the body adhere closely to the membranes enveloping the organs they contain, so that, however apparently dissimilar their surfaces of contact may be, there is still no empty space between them.

QUANTUM.

HOW THEY ELECT DALMATIAN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

A good story is told, in the life of one of Napoleon's great Marshals, which is worth repeating in connection with the recent summary disposition of several Presidential aspirants. Dalmatia, that narrow strip of Austria, celebrated for its maraschino and its position between Northern Turkey and the Adriatic, has a number of towns so completely shut in from outside influence, that the manners and customs of the people are peculiar and primitive in the extreme. The vigorous French Marshal in his investigations found one town where their Syndic, or President, was elected in this wise:—There was near at hand a steep, craggy cliff of very difficult ascent. On a certain day, when the term of the Presidency was about expiring, all aspirants for the coveted office assembled at the foot of the cliff, and are required to scale its heights, in the presence of all the people, who have full liberty to pelt with stones the ambitious climbers. The man who succeeds in reaching the summit first, is the lucky fellow. But the result may be anticipated. Before half have scrambled up a quarter of the cliff, they are brought with a sudden "plump" to the ground. One-half of the height is gained by only a small portion of the original number, and the portion which remains is visibly thinned every moment by the well directed peltings of the "roughs" below. At length three lucky, ambitious scramblers, sweating, puffing and tugging, are nearing the desired goal. The pelters redouble their fury, but the distance and the previous exertion prevent only the most vigorous of the crowd from reaching the climbers. The multitude shout as the lowest of the ascending trio is picked off, and now every eye is strained upon the two who, neck and neck, are within ten feet of the summit. No one can tell who will win. They both clutch the overhanging brow of the platform, which is to settle the contest, but a well directed stone, hurled by some sturdy mountaineer, "whacks" the right hand of one of the aspirants, and in the very moment (as he thought) of victory, he is compelled to give way to the happy wight who, unscathed, is dancing in glee amid the hurrahs of the people.

We leave readers of all parties to draw their own moral; only adding, that when Conventions thin out Presidential aspirants, the more difficult crag is yet to be scaled; for then the people come in and pelt down some one or more who were lucky enough to get a party nomination.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

There resided at Conway, N. H., a well-known character—the famous Billy Abbott, both small of stature and old of his age, and who by his humorous wit and wonderful knowledge of every little incident that made this or that place particularly charming and interesting to the historian and the antiquarian, so ingrafted himself into the good favors of the great expounder of the Constitution, that he always gave him a seat in his carriage when he rode out to visit the beauties of nature. Billy's associates feeling envious on account of the honor conferred upon him by this distinguished man, one day, after Webster's departure, sarcastically asked Billy, in the crowded bar-room, what he and his friend Webster found to converse about as they rode about the country.

Billy replied, "We usually talk about horticulture and agriculture, and the different breeds of cattle and horses, and upon these subject I derive from him a great deal of useful information; and upon such topics I find him a little more than my match; but the moment"—he enthusiastically added, with a gesture, and a tone of voice becoming the orator himself—"but the moment he alludes to the Constitution, I can floor him in a minute!" which was received with great applause, and the Banquo of Envy never again affronted Daniel's rustic favorite.—*Ossipee Register.*

Eating Pumpkin-Pie.—This little screed from the San Francisco Golden Era, is defective in rhyme and a little in rythm, but it expresses true sentiment with much feeling:—

EATING PUMPKIN-PIE BY FIRELIGHT.

There's a time we both remember,
Not very long ago,
When I listened for your footsteps,
As they trampled through the snow;
And each heart in joy beat faster,
As to the door you came,
And quick we shot the cold wind out
Of that dear home in Maine!

Hope filled our youthful bosoms, then,
And painted all things bright;
We builded many a dream of bliss
In those still hours of night;
And, oh! where we not happy, then,
As courtly lord and dame,
Eating pumpkin-pie by firelight,
In that dear home in Maine!

Far, far from that our home is now,
On Cala's golden shore,
And may be we shall never sit
By that dear fireside more;
But 'mid the memories of that time,
The pleasantest we name,
Is eating pumpkin-pie by firelight,
In that dear home in Maine!

☞ Queer Kind of Love.—A neuralgic affection.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Garibaldi Menacing Palermo—New Movement by France—Hungary Excited.

The Africa brings European dates to the 27th. She arrived at New York on the 8th.

The Sicilian Insurrection.—The information relative to the progress of Garribaldi continues meagre and very conflicting.

It has been reported that Garribaldi had taken Palermo, but the report was probably premature. Letters from Palermo dated 21st instant, state that the anxiety was increasing, and popular passions were inflamed.

On the evening of the 20th instant several shots were fired from the balconies in the Rue Toledo. The police returned the fire, and wounded several persons. Strangers had taken refuge under the national flags. The authorities had ordered the doors of the public buildings to be built to half their height.

There was a panic among the public functionaries, and the director of the official journal had taken to flight. The churches were opened on Sunday—but remained deserted. Yesterday the fire of an insurgent bivouac was seen on the heights surrounding Palermo, and it was asserted that a battle had taken place.

The population were anxiously expecting the result, which was not known. A very conciliatory proclamation of Gen. Lainza had been coldly received.

Paris, May 26.—The Patrie of this evening publishes details identical with those contained in the dispatch from Marseilles, and adds that it was believed that the assault upon Palermo would take place before the 27th of May.

Advices from Messina to the 23d inst. says, that a gloomy tranquillity prevails. The Governor of Malta, who had arrived at Marseilles in the Indian mail steamer, leaves this evening for London.

Rome, May 23.—Prince Woulouski, the new Russian plenipotentiary, left to day for Naples. It is asserted that he is the bearer of very precise instructions in reference to Sicily.

The London Daily News Paris correspondent says that Garibaldi has determined to make himself undisputed master of Sicily before making any attempt on the main land. He will afterwards form a strong naval force, and descend upon Calabria.

The dispatch of troops from Naples to Sicily still continued.

A telegram from Palermo, of the 23d of May, at 10 P. M., announces that Garibaldi's troops were in position near Palermo, and an attack was momentarily expected.

Twenty thousand Neapolitans occupied the heights, which commanded the town for two miles round.

France.—A rumor was current that the Paris Moniteur was about to publish a speech of M. Lavalette to the Sultan, of so alarming a nature as to throw the Sicilian insurrection into the shade.

The Paris correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle gives currency to a report that the Emperor of Russia would shortly visit Paris.

The Bourse had been firm and animated, but on the 26th it was dull, and rentes declined to 69 10.

The Deposed Italian Dukes.—A Turin letter, of May 18, in the Opinione Nationale gives the following important confirmation of the news that there is a coalition between the Pope, Austria, and the deposed Dukes, against the people of Italy.

An Ancona correspondent, whose statements are always reliable, writes to me as follows:—*The Austrian corvette Immaculate Conception, has landed here, from Venice, six cannons, two mortars, thirty horses and some artillery men. Who do you suppose they belong to? Why, to the Duchess of Parma! And, moreover, the vessel has gone back to fetch a battery and a half of artillery of the Duke of Modena.*

What Russia Wants.—*If we are to credit a St. Petersburg correspondent of the Morning Post, Russia is occupied almost exclusively with dreams of peace, progress and reform.*—The writer says that, after thirty years of war, against progress, civilization, and common sense, Russia is beginning to open her eyes, and, regretting the past, wishes a brighter future.

"The simple fact is that Russia, on the one hand, wants both men and money; on the other, she most ardently seeks peace and progress. There is not a man throughout the whole empire, commencing with the Emperor, who does not ardently pray for it, and he, or I greatly err, fears far more internal commotion than seeks external aggression. He earnestly desires reform. He sees and feels that, however territorially vast his empire, it is all but the last—I question if it be not the very last—in the list of civilised nations. The man Turk *de facto* is in advance of the man Russe in all that makes life worthy."

The writer adds that, although the Emperor Alexander earnestly desires to emancipate the serfs, the question drags on slowly, surrounded by difficulty, even danger, to the State.

St. Petersburg, May 24.—Prince Gortschakoff has sent instructions to the Russian representatives at the Courts of the Great Powers, explaining why the Turkish Ambassador was not invited, with the Ambassadors of Austria, France, Great Britain and Prussia, to receive the proposals of Russia relative to an inquiry into the condition of the Christians in Turkey. He says, if it had been necessary to call the representative of the Porte, because he signed the treaty of the 30th of March, 1856, the same claim could have been made by Sardinia, whose participation would have been opposed by Austria.

Austria.—Vienna, May 24.—The opening of the enlarged Council of the Empire has been adjourned until the 31st instant, in order to prepare the programmes of what is to be submitted to its deliberations. The nominations of Count Szechenyi, and Andrassy, and the Prelate Coxachevich, as members of the Council of the Empire, to replace the three Hungarian members who resigned, have been signed by the Emperor.

Hungary seems to be awaiting a favorable moment for insurrection.

Liverpool, May 25.—Cotton—Prices are tolerably steady, whilst the lower qualities are again ⅛ a ¼d lower, and the inferior grades are most irregular.

Flour is slow at 26s 6d to 30c. The weather is very favorable for the crops. Provisions quiet.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

By the North Briton we have four days later news.

Turin, May 29.—An official dispatch from Naples announces the arrival there of an English steamer, with news that the insurgents had entered Palermo; a part of the population had broke out in a state of insurrection, and that the city was bombarded by land and sea by the Neapolitan forces, commencing on Sunday, and that the firing continued when the steamer left.

Naples, *Wednesday morning, May 30th, 9 o'clock, A. M.*—The bombardment of Palermo lasted several hours. Garibaldi entered the town on the 22d, establishing his headquarters in the centre of the place. The number killed is large.

France.—It is reported that the Emperor is going to Lyons to meet the Empress of Russia and confer with her about important dispatches from Petersburg.

The Sardinian Chambers have approved the cession of Savoy to France.

Liverpool, May 31.—The cotton market closes very dull, with a decline for lower qualities and the prices very irregular.

State of Trade.—The advices from Manchester are favorable, and the market for goods closed firm, the holiday causing quietude.

The market for breadstuffs closes dull; quotations steady. Corn steady, with more demand.

Provisions are quiet.

Important From Japan.—St. Louis, June 10.—*Midnight.*—A dispatch from St. Josephs, announcing the arrival of the Pony Express, with later news from California, states that a report had reached San Francisco, of the assassination of the Tycoon of Japan.

Prince Gosiera, at the head of the Japanese Government, was assassinated on the 15th of March, while on his way to the Palace with his train, by fourteen Japanese, dressed as travellers. Six of the retainers were killed and several wounded. One of the assassins, who was wounded, had his head cut off by his companions and carried off to prevent being recognized. Two of the assassins were Princes of high rank, and were permitted to disembowel themselves to prevent being beheaded.

Thirty people who were suspected of being implicated were beheaded.

Since the death of the old Tycoon, an entire change has been made in the Japanese government. The present dynasty, being opposed to foreign intercourse, are throwing obstacles in the way of trade and commerce. Prince Meto was at the head of a strong opposition, and an insurrection was expected daily.

All foreigners are required not to leave Jeddo after dark, and are advised by their consuls to go armed at all times.

The Chinese have concluded to pay the English and French Governments their expenses, and accede to all their demands, the port and navigation of the rivers to be free.

George Gordon Byron.—The world is just now threatened with a fresh *cause celebre* by Mr. George Gordon Byron, who claims to be the legitimate son of the great poet. The statement he puts forth is that Lord Byron was lawfully married to another woman at the period of his marriage with Miss Milbanke, and that he (Mr. G. G. Byron,) was the issue of this first union: that he has been induced by a sufficient "consideration" to keep the matter quiet during the life time of Lady Byron, but now that she is dead, and that Ada Byron her only child is dead, there is no reason why he should be silent longer. What to him are the claims or feelings of the Earl of Lovelace, or the present "gold stick in waiting," Lord Byron, the poet's cousin? Have they not combined to keep him out of his inheritance? *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.* Fancy a man proclaiming to the world, "I am the son of Byron, the adulterer and bigamist, the felon betrayer of Miss Milbanke, the cruel deserter of my mother, and of me his lawful son, whom he sent away into exile and obscurity!"

Spania as a Diplomatist and Detective.—Curious little stories occasionally leak out through the muzzled newspapers of Paris, just giving sufficient inside glimpses of the Emperor's life to prove that Louis Napoleon is by no means free from human infirmities, and that he can be what Tom Quick would call "a ring man," when the fit takes him. We thus learn that the Countess de Castiglione, with whom, during the whole Italian war, the Emperor is supposed to have had a most affectionate relationship, (of course conducted on Platonic principles,) is now discovered to have been a member of the female police force employed by the Cabinet of the King of Sardinia. It is said that in the midst of her blandishments, she never failed to draw from the Emperor his secret designs; and that these she instantly communicated in cypher to Count Cavour at Turin. To the beauty, wit, duplicity and diplomacy of this fair Fouche-in-petticoats, may be attributed many of the most important events in the late war which overthrew Austrian power in Italy.

The Late Prize Fight.—The two belts were presented to Heenan and Sayers on the night of May 30, at Cremorne Gardens, London. George Wilkes presented Sayers with the belt which had been subscribed for him, and Mr. Dowling presented the belt to Heenan. The Irish residents of Marylebone, Eng., have presented a purse of, sovereigns, amounting to about £30, and a scroll, to John C. Heenan, as "a mark of respect and sympathy, as Irishmen and fellow countrymen, for his manly conduct during his public career since his arrival in England."

Heenan has issued a peremptory challenge to John Morrissey, to fight him for any sum from 5 cents to $5,000.

Heenan and Sayers were to give a "seance" at Cremorne Gardens, London, on the 30th ult. The tickets were half a guinea each, and it was expected that an audience of ten thousand would be present.

A Scotch Leap-Year Story.—A bachelor in the village of Carnoustie, having been left alone in the house with the servant, one evening lately, had been sitting meditatively, when the room door was thrown open, and the fair "help" appeared, and told him that she could live no longer without him, and consequently that he must marry her, and the sooner the better. The astonishment of the gentleman was so great, that some time elapsed before he could reply in the negative, and the damsel was coolly preparing to act as mistress, when he ordered her to quit his presence, which she did, after some hesitation. Next morning, acting on the advice of a friend, the persecuted bachelor dismissed the abigail, who found herself expelled from a house, of which she fondly imagined she would soon become the mistress.

Ancient Cities.—Five ancient cities, deserted and forgotten, have been discovered in the Great Desert, beyond the River Jordan. A report made to the Royal Asiatic Society, by Mr. Graham, an Englishman, lately returned from travels in the East, gives the particulars of the discovery. "They were as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them, the houses retaining the massive stone doors, which are characteristic of the architecture of that region. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. Further eastward, other places were found where every stone had inscriptions in an unknown character, bearing some apparent likeness to the Greek alphabet; but probably referable to the Himyaritic alphabet, formerly in use in Southern Arabia."

Miss Lizzie Martin, just on the eve of sweet seventeen, plump, beautiful, and a "Shakeress" to boot, has just "shaken" off the straight-laced "habits" of her society, and has sought the more pressing society of a young and ardent lover, Mr. Murray. The interesting affair happened in Cleveland. The beauty of the lovely Shakeress attracted the dark eyes of the youth, and vice versa. So a "runaway" was planned and successfully carried out last Monday. The lover and two friends made an incursion into the Shaker settlement at Watervillle, carried off the prize, and a kind minister did the rest. The Shakeress is satisfied with her selection.

Brevet General Jesup, Quartermaster General of the Army, died at Washington on the 10th, from the effects of the paralytic attack of Thursday. He entered the army on the same day with Lieutenant General Scott, May 3d, 1808. He was about seventy one years of age.

Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, was recently menaced by Captain Henry, of Washington, with a personal assault for his late speech. Capt. Henry afterwards apologized.—There was considerable excitement for a day or two, owing to rumors of an assault upon Mr. Sumner being intended.

☞ A New Kind of Bribe.—Some of the members of the Virginia Legislature, a short time since, were offered, if they would support a certain railroad bill, to have a lot of babies named after them.

MET AT LAST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

You said we should meet, in those olden days
When we lingered hand in hand,
In the mellow prime of the autumn-time,
In the pleasant meadow-land,
You said we should meet,—and I mind me now,
How your eyes were starred with tears—
For the edge of the shadow touched you then,
That has hid us all these years.
But the years go back and the clouds fall off,
And face to face we stand—
And heart greets heart and eye meets eye,
And hand embraces hand
But many a crop hath been gathered in
From the pleasant meadow-land—
And the eye is dim and the cheek is thin,
And we tremble as we stand.
And peace in our hearts lies still and deep
Where mirth has ceased to be—
Where the breath of our tears comes welling up,
Like the breath of the salt, salt sea.
But we meet at last, and 'tis bliss to meet
In this quiet, trustful way—
When the passion-pulse of our restless life
Is tempered down for aye!
The light falls out on the meadow-land,
All white with blossom-snow—
And the garden-paths of the mossy manse,
Are full of the long ago.
The light falls down on our bended heads,
All white with blossom-snow—
And our paths are one to the setting sun,
And we smile to think it so.

ONLY HIS WAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARGARET LYON.

"It's a very bad way," said I, as I laid off my bonnet, speaking to myself, yet aloud, and with some warmth of tone.

"What is a bad way?" inquired my mother, looking up from the page she was reading.

"Mr. Mason's way is a bad way," I answered.

"What about Mr. Mason, now?" asked my mother, with a look of inquiry.

"Oh, he's a disagreeable man, take him as you will. I always feel, when I am near him, as if it would do me good to give him a piece of my mind."

"What have you found especially disagreeable to-day, my daughter?"

"I'll tell you." And, reader, I'll tell you at the same time.

Mr. Mason is our next door neighbor. His dear little wife is one of my particular friends. Everybody loves her, she is so gentle and sweet. How she ever came to waste her sweetness on such a cold, rough, hard man as her husband, is one among the ten thousand unexplained matrimonial mysteries. There is nothing lovable about him. I always feel, when near him, as if a hand were pushing me away. It requires an effort to be even civil to him. But, to the cause of my present indignation. I had called in to see Mrs. Mason, and not a little to my disappointment, found her husband at home. She received me in her usual pleasant way, and he with his usual growling welcome. He was not very well, I believe, which accounted for his being home at this particular time. I sat down to chat with Mrs. Mason; and her husband being seated nearly in front of us, I could not help seeing his face whenever I lifted my eyes. Its expression was far from being agreeable; but that was nothing strange. Perhaps, my eyes did not look at him through a right medium. So much in his favor, conjecturally.

While we were talking, their eldest child, a dear, affectionate little girl, with the sunshine of some six summers on her golden head, came in, with a bunch of flowers held loosely in her hand. There was a partly blown sulpherina rose, exquisitely, delicate in hue, half hid in feathery mignonette; around these she had arranged scarlet, white and pink verbenas; and here and there purple and yellow heartsease. Intermingled tastefully with all were delicately green leaves of the white jessamine.

Little Ella had gathered these flowers for her father, and arranged them with her own little hands, as an offering of love. She looked into his face as she held up the tiny bouquet, and said,

"I gather them for you, papa. Ain't they sweet?"

He looked at her in a cold, half absent way, and said, as coldly and absently,

"Flowers. Yes."

Then handing them back to her; or I might say, thrusting them back upon her, he added,

"Here, take them to your mother; she cares more about them than I do."

I saw a shadow fall over the child's face. Her eyes drooped a little; her lips were pressed together in a look of disappointment.

"No; keep them, papa. I got them all for you;" and she pushed back his hand.

In a careless way, Mr. Mason tossed the flowers into his wife's lap, saying, indifferently,

"You take them, Fanny."

And he leaned back in his chair, shut his eyes, and looked abstracted and unsympathising.

Ella stole up quietly to her mother's side; leaned her arms upon her lap, and looked into her face. I saw a slight quiver on her lips.

"I got them for papa," she said, in a grieving whisper.

Dear loving child! How my heart warmed towards her, and pitied her. Disappointed love—love turned back—love repelled, whether in young or old, brings grievous heart-sickness. She was learning life's lesson for woman, too early.

"Never mind, darling," whispered her mother; "these flowers are very beautiful; how nicely they are arranged; I will keep them here." And she placed them in her bosom.

Ella raised her lips, and her mother kissed her tenderly. The child sat down on an ottoman by her mother's feet, and remained there quietly for nearly ten minutes; then rising, she went to a table in the centre of the room, and taking up a book commenced looking over the pictures. She was soon so much interested in these, as to forget her late disappointment. Suddenly starting from the table, she ran to her father, with the open book in her hand, saying, with great earnestness,

"Oh, papa, papa! Look! What is that man doing?"

Mr. Mason didn't stir from his fixed position, nor relax a muscle of his face.

"Look, papa. What is that man doing?—Tell me."

Mr. Mason took the book in a very ungracious way. He was annoyed, and hadn't the self-command to hide it.

"What is it you want to know?" he said, in his growling manner.

"What is that man doing?" repeated Ella.

"Trying to catch the horse, I suppose," he answered, indifferently.

"Is the horse running away?"

"Don't you see that he's running?" said the father, in a tone meant to chide the little one for asking a foolish question.

"I know he's running, papa, but is he running away?"

"There! don't tease me!" Mr. Mason pushed the little girl away. "I can't answer your thousand-and-one silly questions."

Thus repulsed, Ella shrunk away again from her father, the grieving signs of wounded love once more on her pure young face. It was as much as I could do to keep back a rebuking word. My woman's blood was rising to fever heat.

"What is it, darling?" said Mrs. Mason, holding out her hand to Ella. "Let me see."

"'Tain't no matter now, mamma," returned Ella, shutting the book; "I don't want to know."

And she crept upon the sofa, and laying her head down with a sigh, shut her eyes. There was a tender sadness in her face that was touching to look upon.

"There's pussy," said Mrs. Mason, calling to Ella, after she had been lying for some time on the sofa.

"Where?"

The child started up, her face all alive again with pleasure.

"Don't you see her?"

"Oh, yes!" and in the next moment she had a large cat in her arms. The sunshine was back in her heart again.

Mr. Mason stirred in his chair a little uneasily. I looked towards him, and saw that his eyes were on the child, and that his face did not wear a pleasant expression.

"I wouldn't let her have that cat, Fanny," he said, after a little while. "I can't bear cats," and he glanced towards me.

Ella threw an anxious look upon her father.

"She'll scratch her as sure as the world," said Mr. Mason.

"No, she won't scratch her Ella!" and the little one hugged her pet fondly. "Poor pussy! Dear pussy!"

"It makes me creep all over to see a child and a cat. Do send it out of the room, Fanny! How can you suffer her to handle the thing!"

Mr. Mason was in earnest; and as his wife did not interfere, he started up from his chair, and reaching towards Ella, said,

"Here, give me that cat!" at the same time dragging it from her arms, and throwing it roughly from the room.

Ella stood perfectly still, her lips quivering.

"I'll have that cat hanged or drowned!" said Mr. Mason, in a threatening tone.

This was more than Ella could bear. A wild cry broke on the air.

"Come, none of that my little Miss!" ejaculated the father. "When I say yes or no, I'll have no screaming. Stop, this instant!" and he stamped with his foot, imperatively.

Ella choked, and sobbed, and caught her breath, and made every effort to repress the wildness of her grief; but her cries broke out fitfully in spite of the struggle.

"Hush, I say!" and Mr. Mason made a feint, as if he were going to start towards her.

Ella sobbed and choked again, and again broke out into a piercing cry. The mother now arose, and taking Ella in her arms, carried her from the room. I followed. It was some time before my friend succeeded in quieting the agitated child, and dispelling her fears. I felt very indignant, and said some things in my impulsive way, under cover of soothing Ella, that were not highly complimentary to Mr. Mason.

"Oh, he don't mean anything!" remarked his wife, apologetically; "it's only his way.—He's kind-hearted enough, but will put on this rough exterior sometimes. He wouldn't hurt a hair of the cat's head."

"I don't believe a word about his being kind-hearted," said I, to my mother, after finishing this relation of what I had seen and heard at our next door neighbor's. "He's hard and cold-hearted, or he'd never treat a child in that way. Only his way! As if that were any palliation! What can the man be thinking of? I'd rather be in purgatory!—Poor Fanny! Poor Ella! Mother and child! I pity you both—pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

"Don't be too hard on Mr. Mason," said my mother. "It's only his way; and I don't deny that it's a bad way; but he has some good traits of character, and I think there are some kind places in his heart. He has been good to his sister, who married badly; almost supporting her family. He is generous to poor people, never refusing to give where there is actual need."

"But does it," I said, "as graciously as one throws a bone to a hungry dog. The bad way robs the act of half its merit. A favor done with an ungracious manner often makes it little less than an insult."

"We must take people as they are," remarked my mother, "and be thankful for the good that is in them. There are men of great suavity of manner whose kindnesses lie in words, not deeds—whose smile is only from the teeth outwards. I prefer a little roughness on the outside, if there is kindness within, to a sunny surface that merely conceals cold-hearted selfishness."

"A sweet fountain don't send forth bitter waters," I contended. "A father who will hurt, wantonly or thoughtlessly, a dear little child, as Mr. Mason hurt Ella to-day, has got something cruel in his heart. That's my reading of the matter. 'Only his way' may do very well for a wife's excuse; but it don't cover the ground for me. It's a very bad way, as I said in the beginning, and bad ways don't come from good impulses."

Saying this, I went off to my room, nursing my indignation against Mr. Mason.

"'Only his way!' Faugh! I have no patience for such excuses. There's no admissable apology for ill-treating a child."

THE GRIZZLY BEAR
NOT A FEROCIOUS BEAST.

[The following interesting account of the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains is taken from a recent work, entitled "The Prairie Traveller," by Captain Marcy, of the United States army. The volume is intended as a reliable guide book for those who would make the overland journey to California. It is filled with valuable suggestions to such travellers.]

Besides the common black bear of the Eastern States, several others are found in the mountains of California, Oregon, Utah, and New Mexico, viz: the grizzly, brown, and cinnamon varieties; all have nearly the same habits, and are hunted in the same manner.

From all I had heard of the grizzly bear, I was induced to believe him one of the most formidable and savage animals in the universe, and that the man who would deliberately encounter and kill one of these beasts, had performed a signal feat of courage which entitled him to a lofty position among the votaries of Nimrod. So firmly had I become impressed with this conviction, that I should have been very reluctant to fire upon one had I met him when alone and on foot. The grizzly bear is assuredly the monarch of the American forests, and, so far as physical strength is concerned, he is perhaps without a rival in the world; but, after some experience in hunting, my opinions regarding his courage and his willingness to attack men have very materially changed.

In passing over the elevated table-lands lying between the two forks of the Platte River in 1858, I encountered a full-grown female grizzly bear, with two cubs, very quietly reposing upon the open prairie, several miles distant from any timber. This being the first opportunity that had ever occurred to me for an encounter with the ursine monster, and being imbued with the most exalted notions of the beast's proclivities for offensive warfare, especially when in the presence of her offspring, it may very justly be imagined that I was rather more excited than usual. I, however, determined to make the assault. I felt the utmost confidence in my horse, as she was afraid of nothing; and, after arranging everything about my saddle, and arms in good order, I advanced to within about eighty yards before I was discovered by the bear, when she raised upon her haunches and gave me a scrutinizing examination. I seized this opportune moment to fire, but missed my aim, and she started off, followed by her cubs at their utmost speed. After reloading my rifle, I pursued, and, on coming again within range, delivered another shot, which struck the large bear in the fleshy part of the thigh, whereupon she set up a most distressing howl, and accelerated her pace, leaving her cubs behind. After loading again, I gave the spurs to my horse and resumed the chase, soon passing the cubs, who were making the most plaintive cries of distress. They were heard by the dam, but she gave no other heed to them than occasionally to halt for an instant, turn around, sit up on her posteriors, and give a hasty look back; but as soon as she saw me following her, she invariably turned again, and redoubled her speed. I pursued about four miles, and fired four balls into her, before I succeeded in bringing her to the ground, and from the time I first saw her until her death-wound, notwithstanding I was often very close upon her heels, she never came to bay or made the slightest demonstration of resistance. Her sole purpose seemed to be to make her escape, leaving her cubs in the most cowardly manner.

Upon three other different occasions I met the mountain bears, and once the cinnamon species, which is called the most formidable of all, and in none of these instances did they exhibit the slightest indication of anger or resistance, but invariably ran from me.

Such is my experience with this formidable monarch of the mountains. It is possible that if a man came suddenly upon the beast in a thicket, where it could have no previous warning, he might be attacked; but it is my opinion that if the bear gets *the wind* or sight of a man at any considerable distance, it will endeavor to get away as soon as possible. I am so fully impressed with this idea, that I shall hereafter hunt bear with a feeling of as much security as I would have in hunting the buffalo.

MAKE THE NURSERY PLEASANT.—Have you a print, or plaster cast, or blossoming plant in the nursery, where your children spend most of their time? Never mind about your parlor, *but is your nursery a cheerful place?* Is there anything *there* upon the wall for little eyes to look at, and little minds to think about when they wake so early in the morning; or as they lounge about when a stormy day keeps them close prisoners? If not, see to it without delay. Don't say, "I can't afford it;" one shilling—two shillings will do it; if you can spare a few shillings more so much the better. You know the effect a bright, cheerful apartment has upon yourself, even with all your mature resources for thought and pleasure; think then of the little children, reaching out their young thoughts like vine tendrils for something to twine about—something to lean on, something to grow to—in fine, something to think and talk about. A blank, white wall is not suggestive or inspiriting. Give the little nursery prisoners something bright to look at.

☞ Many institutions are properly called *seminaries*, for they do not half teach anything.

A DUEL WITH SWORDS.

BY LIEUT. COLONEL H. R. ADDISON.

There are certain atmospheric influences which raise or depress the spirits far beyond the power of control; there are certain scenes which equally impart buoyancy or dejection to the mind; and thus it was that I never felt in more exuberant good-humor than I did as I lounged through the beautiful little enclosure, pomposily styled "*The Park*," in Brussels, on one of those bright October days when a slight foretaste of frost struggles to oppose the steady beams of a brilliant but scarcely heating sun.

As a companion, I had one of the best and bravest men that ever did honor to our national bull-dogism—ever ready to share his purse with his needy friend, or his excellent cellar with his boon companion. Driffield, though generally popular, was still a somewhat troublesome intimate. He was forever getting in and out of scrapes through the unfortunate warmth of a temper which showed the caloric of his heart. A friend sneered at—a woman offended—Driffield would at once take up the quarrel. Convinced, however, that he had been hasty, he would most amply apologize, and probably seek, with increased eagerness, the friendship of the individual he had wronged. Such was the characteristics of my friend who now, leaning on my arm, freely passed his remarks on the gay and fair beings who perambulated the stiff broad walks in search of health and pleasure, or, tired by the previous night's ball, sat chatting on the numerous benches (for which, by-the by, they do *not* pay twopence in Brussels, as we do in Hyde-park), or listened to the band of the "*Guides*" playing some of the last new overtures in magnificent style.

We had been in the park nearly half-an-hour, when I saw the Comte de Montfort hastily approach, and, touching Driffield's arm, politely request to speak to him in private. From the grave and studied formality of the usually gay Frenchman, I at once saw something was wrong, and was therefore less surprised, when, after hearing some half-a-dozen words uttered in an angry tone, Driffield rejoined me, and, in an agitated manner, requested me instantly to return to my lodgings.

"What does all this mean?"

"It is simple enough. Montfort called me aside, and insisted on my retracting certain words that he had been told I uttered derogatory to his honor—words that I am convinced I never made use of."

"And you told him so?"

"Not I; he would have thought I retracted, whereas I could not withdraw expressions I never uttered."

"With this assurance he was surely satisfied?"

"Well, that is another matter. I must freely confess to you that I did not exactly say so to him. He is a notorious duellist, and he might have thought I feared him, so I neither admitted or denied the words. He got violent—used an expression I did not like."

"What was it?"

"*Why, you well know I am no great Frenchman*, so I scarcely understood it; but it was used in angry overbearing tone, so I at once called him out."

"How very imprudent! But what has this to do with my returning home?"

"Well, you have twice before assisted me in similar affairs, so I took it for granted you would not refuse me on this occasion. I named you as my friend, and Montfort hurried off, saying that Colonel Very would call on you in half-an hour. So run away, my dear friend, we must not seem to avoid the fellows;" and before I had time to remonstrate Driffield had started off, and I found myself crossing the Place Royale *en route* for my lodgings, where I might expect to receive a visit from the second of my friend's antagonist.

The half-hour had scarcely elapsed when Colonel Very was announced. I desired him to be shown in; the gallant officer entered. He was the very person to bear a cartel; tall, upright, and polite in the extreme; studied in his expressions, gentle yet firm in his manner, cold as an iceberg—and scarcely less dangerous. I at once saw I had a thorough adept in the art of duelling to cope with. On this occasion, however, there was little room for discussion; my friend had palpably insulted the nobleman he represented, and unless the former was ready to retract his words, no power could avert the combat. Now this was anything but pleasant. I felt fully assured that my principal was in the wrong, and I would gladly have explained the circumstances, but I well knew that Driffield, far from confirming my views, would, if possible, make matters worse. It is true that, as his second, I had a right to act for him, but I was no less aware that, if I attempted a pacific arrangement, I should only cause a fresh insult to be given, and, as the affair appeared "a really very pretty quarrel" as it stood, I thought it better to leave it as it was—when matters might possibly be made up, even on the ground—to drawing on further complications, which might render the breach still wider. I therefore assumed a tone as quiet, as determined, as that of my friend the Colonel.

"Requested to do so by the Comte de Montfort, I have done myself the honor of calling on you to arrange this affair. I regret, however, to say I cannot be on the ground; General Sierminski and Baron Fierton will be there. Of course they will come to you, if you desire to see them."

"It is not at all necessary!"

"Then, we may if you please, consider this business as arranged. The Foret de Soigne, at eight o'clock. The carriages to set down near the principal avenue at Boitsfort?"

"We will be punctual!"

"As the challenged party, we have the choice of weapons—we name swords; shall we bring them, or will you?"

Now this was the very point I had all along feared. That the party called out had an unconbted privilege to select the arms, none could doubt; yet, as De Montfort had been all his life in the French army, and was supposed to be a thorough swordsman, I felt it my duty to object.

"Colonel Very, you well know that my friend is an Englishman, and unskilled in fencing, while the Count is celebrated for his proficiency."

"You will pardon me, I hope; but as such is the case, Monsieur Driffield should not have challenged Monsieur de Montfort."

"Yes, yes; but—"

"Do not take offence; but we can admit no 'buts;' we choose the sword."

"Is there no alternative?"

"None; unless, indeed, a retraction."

"Impossible."

"Then *I* have the honor to repeat, *we* choose the sword."

I was again about to remonstrate. Nay, I almost made up my mind to get into a towering passion at the sullen determination of Colonel Very, when my servant entered and placed a crumpled little note in my hand, marked "Immediate." Apologising for doing so, I opened it and read:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Major Horseley consents to act with you as second. I must beg of you privately to accept Montfort's offer should he propose to fight with swords. I flatter myself I am perfect master of the weapon; and so confident do I feel in my powers, that if this luckily occurs, I think, by disarming my adversary, I may end this affair without any loss of blood. Thine, in haste,

"DRIFFIELD."

I do not ever recollect feeling such a sudden relief. Colonel Very must, indeed, have remarked it, as I turned round, and with a smile, and in a somewhat exulting tone, addressed him:—

"Be it as you wish, Colonel; though I still think we should have used pistols; yet, as you so earnestly desire it, we consent to swords: but, being somewhat strange to us, beg of you to bring the weapons."

I really do believe that Colonel Very *almost* started at my sudden change of manner, but, concealing his surprise, he bowed himself out of my little *entresol* apartment with the grace of an accomplished courtier.

I instantly started off for Driffield's. Here I met Horseley. We dined together, and after the ladies had left the table, talked matters over; not, however, so eagerly as we might have done had this been our first affair together. But we had mutually served each other on former occasions. So, except in the arms to be used, there was little or nothing new in the business. We drank but little—were more lively in the drawing room than usual—and retired early. I confess I sighed as I bid "good night" to Mrs. Driffield and her six children. She might be a widow and they might be orphans before another sun disappeared. God help them. I confess I felt strangely uncomfortable!

THE DUEL.

Who can describe the very unpleasant sensation of being awakened some hours before the world is well aired, for the purpose of sharing in a duel! Yet there are certain forms which must be gone through—an unshaved, carelessly dressed second, would denote flurry and agitation. I was, therefore, *de rigueur*, compelled to pay unusual attention to my toilet. *Horseley came to the door in a large rumbling hired carriage, and we proceeded to the Porte* de Namur, where we found Driffield and Dr. Forceps waiting for us, according to agreement.

Reader, did you ever travel some ten miles over a hard road, on a cold misty morning in October, not quite certain whether the vehicle might not have to do the duties of a hearse on its return? Beside me sat my principal. Horseley, evidently in very low spirits, coupled the corner, and the surgeon sat opposite to me. He had a good sized bundle of instruments placed beneath his seat, and took the whole affair as a matter of course.

Driffield was in high spirits; but these must have been forced. I cannot willingly believe that any man balancing on the brink of eternity could thus seem *really* lively, when he reflected on those he had left (perhaps for ever) beneath his domestic roof. If, however, his cheerfulness was simulated, he was a clever actor. Doctor Forceps kept forcing upon us some anecdotes illustrative of his skill in the Peninsula—we neither attended to them nor believed in them. Horseley tried to elicit, in case of accident, the best wishes of our friend; who, however, avoided the subject, and kept up a rolling fire of conversation relative to all and everything save and except the business we were engaged in.

We had now plunged into one of the wide avenues of the forest above five minutes, when our carriage came to a dead halt. The coachman opened the door, touched his hat, muttered something, and lowered the steps. We understood his meaning and sprang out.

At fifty paces distant stood another carriage, from which three gentlemen had also descended. Major Horseley and myself advanced and politely saluted General Sierminski and the Baron Fierton; agreed upon a spot; and then returned to our principals, who accompanied us to a quiet glade, within a hundred yards, admirably adapted, from its fine turf and close privacy, to the purpose we required.

As we knew little about it, and were far too proud to seek information on the subject, the Major and I contented ourselves by following the motions of our antagonists.

The Count de Montfort, from frequent practice, was perfectly *au fait* in the arrangements. In a moment he had stripped off his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth; the latter of which he, however, fortunately, by accident, re-assumed, and deliberately turned up his shirt sleeves above his elbow. He then tried the turf to see that it was not slippery, and throwing of his cap, stood ready for action. I confess, I never saw a finer *athlete*.

In the meantime, Driffield had imitated his actions, and now he stood with bull throat and brawny arms awaiting with eagerness the coming struggle.

The General and his co-second now approached us, and handed to us half-a-dozen swords; from which, having won the toss, we had a right to select a weapon. Now, of all the diabolical, mischievous looking implements I ever saw, these swords seemed to be the very worst; short, slim, and balanced so entirely by weight in the hand, so as to render the blade very light, they appeared like anything but the fitting arm for a soldier's use. Driffield at once took the nearest to him. De Montfort tried several before he made his selection. The General kindly explained that his reason for bringing such an extensive armory, was the fear of a blade breaking or a possible difference between the seconds arising, when each would require a weapon to settle the dispute. Highly consolatory to me, who, though a good broad-swordsman, never touched a foil in my life. However, I was in for it, and must at all hazards go through with it.

Our principals were placed on the ground and the signal given to set to.

Never can I forget the moment. *It was, it is, it ever will be*, the most painful reminiscence of my life. De Montfort threw himself *en garde*, with the grace of a finished fencer. Driffield grasped his weapon tightly, and without even coming into the first position held it upright! pressed against his antagonist's blade. The case was clear, Driffield had deceived me. He had evidently never handled a short sword before. He stood a ready victim for the Count to pierce whenever or wherever he thought proper. His face, however, was determined, and when the noble, to my great surprise, uttered a coarse imprecation, he burst out into a loud laugh, which so exasperated the experienced swordsman that he made a violent pass, which Driffield diverted by actually *striking* against the weapon, and then, with a most provoking grin, stood firm to his ground. The Frenchman became frantic. "I will wash my hands in your b'ood." "Do if you can," coolly replied the Briton, and again grinned at him. The Count lunged. Another *blow* of Driffield's sword turned the direction, and the blade passed through his cheek. We now vainly endeavored to stop the combat. Blood had been drawn; yet, on consultation, the wound was so trifling, we feared if we insisted, it might become a matter of ridicule. So again they set to.

This time the Frenchman was more wild than ever, and his passion overcame his skill. Driffield, by one of his strange blows, bent the foil of his adversary—while, in his blind anger, the Count received the point of the Englishman's sword in his neckcloth. There must have been a stiffner in it, for it did not penetrate.

We dashed in, and forced up the swords of the two infuriated combatants, and gave a fresh weapon to Driffield, whose perfect calm seemed to render his skilled antagonist almost mad. While we were selecting another sword, the Count kept fencing at a tree, using the strongest terms of reproach and anger. It was in vain I tried to put a stop to the horrid scene, which had already endured above a quarter of an hour. They again fell to.

I am told I was as white as a sheet; I really believe it. Before me stood one of my dearest friends, the husband of a lady I much respected, the father of a large family, wholly unable (in my opinion) to defend himself from the murderous attacks of a skilled soldier. I felt his doom to be certain; my blood almost froze in my veins, and I would gladly have risked even a personal contest with one of my opposite seconds, rather than thus have stood coolly by and seen my friend murdered.

It is well to smile, but only those who have experienced them can tell my feelings at that moment.

Clash—clash—clash!—a spring—a recoil—*an advance—a shout of frenzy*—a cry of agony from Driffield—and we rushed in, and, at the risk of being run through, separated the combatants.

My friend had received a wound in his side, and the affair was over. Mentally, yet truly, did I thank God for the result. The doctor declared the puncture to be severe but not dangerous, and, with a lightened heart, I began to assist Driffield in his toilet.

In the meantime Sierminski and Fierton had, with difficulty, disarmed their man, who no sooner found himself free, than he rushed up to Driffield and began kissing and hugging him. The case was clear; the accomplished—the much admired Count had gone *raving mad!* and all parties now assisted in quieting him. This, with difficulty, we effected. But he insisted on returning in the same carriage with his dear friend Driffield. The doctor accompanied them.

RESULT.

The laws against duelling are most severe in Belgium. With great difficulty, and only through the intervention of our ambassador, Driffield escaped a long imprisonment. He refused to quarrel with me, though I bitterly reproached him with the trick he had put upon me. The wound, however, became daily more troublesome. Driffield was ordered to try the German baths. He did so, and now lies in a grave not far distant from the banks of the Rhine.

Count de Montfort was placed under restraint, but becoming worse, was confined in a *Maison de Sante*. Here he expired within twelve months, leaving a widow and a lovely daughter to mourn his loss.

Such were the consequences of this duel with swords.

A "LAGGEN" OF MACGILLICUDDY.—"Macgillicuddy of the Reeks was a boy or gilly to the MacCarthy Moor, and he went into Connaught to seek his fortune, and he fell in love with a lady, and she with him; and he boasted to her father that he had more ricks than the father's land could grow hay enough to cover with hay-bands; so the father sent a messenger into Kerry to know the truth of his riches, and whether the young stranger had the fortune he spoke about. And to be sure, the daughter gave the messenger the hint; so he travelled to Kerry, and saw young Macgillicuddy's father ating his dinner on his knees, with heaps of rats all about the cabin he lived in; so he goes back and tells the fair maid's father that the Macgillicuddy had more *live cattle* about him than he could count, and was ating off a table he wouldn't part with for half Connaught. So, in coorse, the boy got the girl."

BEAUTIFUL MATERNAL SENTIMENT.—The following exquisite verse was found in a Haytian manuscript. Was there ever a more beautiful expression of a mother's unselfish devotion? The original is in French, entitled "Last Wish of a Mother," and the translation literal:

"Oh! God, she faintly said upon her dying bed,
If I have followed Thy Divine behest,
As my entire reward grant this request,
Make me the Guardian Angel of my babes when dead."

OUR BABY QUEEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

We have found her, our poor, tired darling,
Nestled down 'mid the soft clover bloom:
Rare, beautiful blossoms around her,
The atmosphere faint with perfume
One woe, dimpled hand for a pillow,
Her curls with the south wind at play,
So she lies there, unconsciously smiling,
Our fairy who came in the May.

The lids with their long, silken fringes,
Are closed on her violet eyes;
Whence the soul, yet untrained, looketh dimly
With questioning, eager surprise
The pink of her cheek ebbs and flushes,
Uncertain to go or to stay;
Oh, is she not lovely, our darling,
Our beautiful child of the May?

White roses low bending above her,
Have scattered their petals around;
And the vine with its dower of beauty,
For her sake has drooped to the ground.
Its bright scarlet trumpets are mingled
With the gold of one trem blown astray;
It is meet that their grace should enshrine her,
Whom nature crowned queen of the May.

Our fairy, our bud, and our treasure;
The sweetest of names are her own;
And the mother's eye deepens with love light,
Her voice takes a tenderer tone.
No queen could have subjects more loyal
Than the true hearts which yield to her sway;
She rules with the sceptre of weakness,
Our beautiful child of the May.

Ah me, in the days that are coming,
Our darling must stoop from her throne:
The sceptre will slip from her fingers,
While bearing and battling alone.
The thorns in her path may grow thickly,
The spring roses wither away;
God knoweth what fate is before her,
Our beautiful child of the May.

For a brief space alone will our darling
Lay the robes of her sovereignty down;
Only stern warfare, and conquest,
Can win an unperishing crown
Then for her, as for us, be the struggle,
For her, and for us, be the sway;
We shall find her, God willing, in heaven,
Our beautiful child of the May.

May 23d, 1860.

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DANESBURY OPERATIVES.

How got on Jessy Gould? We had better see. She would have *got on very well* but for the *public houses*; but *Richard had learnt to* like them much. When her friends consented to her marrying Richard Gould, they looked forward to the prospect of his rising to a good position in the establishment of Mr. Danesbury, otherwise they would not have considered him a suitable match for her. And as yet, Richard, though more comfortably off than many, was not advancing as quickly as he might have done. They had four or five children, who were kept as clean and neat as their mother.

It was half past seven o'clock and Saturday night, and the bell rang at the Danesbury works for the men to go in and be paid. Though so large a number of them, the arrangements were well-ordered and systematic, and by eight o'clock most of them were ready to depart.

They passed into the yard, out at the great iron gates. A few proceeded to their homes, but the greater portion were hastening to the public-houses and beer shops. A group of eight or ten, Richard Gould being one, halted in consultation as to which house should be favored with their company, and finally it was decided to honor the Pig and Whistle, down by the new bridge.

"Ay; let's. Jones said, last night, as they had got a famous tap on at the Pig. Come along, Gould, what be you stopping for?"

Richard Gould was hesitating. It occurred to his memory that he had promised Jessy to bring his wages home the minute he received them, for she said she wanted a few shillings for something particular, and told him what it was.

"I must step home *first*," said he. "I'll come after ye. My wife's waiting for some money."

"That's a shuffle, Gould. Your wife gets her marketings on credit on the Saturday mornings."

"It isn't marketings: it's something else. I promised I'd be home."

"Bother! You don't go for to think as she'll trapes out to-night. It's a pelting cats and dogs. No woman won't leave her fireside to-night, except them as can't help it, and your wife ain't one. Come along."

Richard Gould yielded—an easy, good-natured soul he was, swayed with the wind—and away the lot went, through the rain and mud, to the Pig and Whistle.

The Pig and Whistle received them with due respect. It had got a blazing fire and a warm, light room to welcome them; and once ensconced in it with their pipes and drink, they were as oblivious of homes, wives, children, and weekly marketings, as if such things existed not. A few, who "used" the house regularly, called for their scores, on entering, and settled up for the past seven days. The Pig and Whistle was a flourishing house now, for the workmen, who had for a long while been engaged erecting the new bridge in place of the dangerous old one, had patronized it extensively.

Meanwhile Richard Gould's wife was sitting at home, in all hope. They occupied one of the cottages in Prospect Row, neat dwellings of three rooms and a detached back kitchen; or, as it was called, in local phraseology, a brew-house. The men inhabiting these cottages were all employed at the works; but there was a wide difference in their conduct, and, consequently, in their homes. Some drank their wages away, and then huddled with their wives and families into the down-stairs room and the brewhouse, letting the two upper ones. Some of the wives were slatternly, some tidy; but, as a general rule, though it did not apply in every instance, the slatternly wife and the drinking husband went together. Some made, of these cottages, complete, pleasant dwellings, converting the brewhouse into a kitchen for the rough work—the washing and cooking—and the front room into a parlor. Jessy Gould, smart and nice in all things, was one who had done the last, fitting it up with a carpet and glass, and pretty ornaments. Richard spent a great deal more in drink than he could afford, and this kept them poor; but Mrs. Gould's friends often helped them, so that they were better off than most of the workmen of his grade.

She sat at home in the parlor, busy at work finishing a child's frock, and expecting Richard. Her children were in bed, and a small saucepan stood on the hob by the fire, containing some Irish stew for his supper. She had bought her marketings in the day—it was her custom to do so, and to pay on the Monday. Too many a poor wife could not obtain even this short credit, and had to get in everything on the Saturday night, *if* her husband and his wages came home in time.

The clock struck nine, and Jessy Gould laid down her work with a sigh of despair.

"He is off with the men again! I am certain of it! He might have come home this night, when he knew what I wanted with the money." And her work went on again, but more heavily.

In the next cottage to theirs, lived a man of the name of Reed, an inferior workman. Mrs. Reed was in tribulation more dire than Jessy's, and was audibly lamenting that this was Saturday night, and that Reed had gone a-drinking again. She knew to her cost, the propensity he had to "go a-drinking," not only on Saturday nights, but on others. The first step was to go after him, and try to get him home before he was too far gone, and half his week's money spent. She threw a shawl over her gown, put on her bonnet, blew out the candle, left the bit of fire safe, and opened the door. But she hesitated on the threshold, for the wind and the rain came beating against her, threatening to wet her through and through. Turning her thin cotton shawl over her arms, bared to the elbows, for she had been hard at work, she locked the door, took out the key, and knocked at Richard Gould's.

"Come in."

"Good-evening, Mrs. Gould. I'm come to ask you to let me leave my key here."

She left her pattens at the door, and went in.

"Ain't it a shame?" she began. "Here's that drunken brute of mine never come home again! He's off, as usual, with the rest; and he knows I have not got bit or drop in the house for to-morrow, neither candles, nor coals, nor even a bit of soap, I hadn't, to wash the poor children with—so I had to put 'em to *bed, dirty.*"

"*Ay; it is a shame,*" said *Mrs. Gould.* "They are all alike, I think. My husband promised to come home, and he has never come. We are invited to Mr. Harding's to dinner to-morrow, children and all, and I wanted to buy new shoes for the two eldest, for I'm not going to take them there in their shabby old ones, which are off their feet, and Richard knows the new shoe-shop won't give an hour's credit. The men are all alike."

"No, they are not all alike; I wish they were, if it was like *your* Gould. If he do go out of a night, he don't get drunk, and drink all his money away, as that sot of a Reed, of mine, *do.*"

Jessy thought to herself that he drank away far more than he ought of it, but she did not say so.

"Won't you sit down, Mrs. Reed?"

"Law no! I'm off to find him out, and get some money from him. It's hard lines with us, at the best, since our lodgers left, and it's harder when he gets drunk on wages night, for then the money melts like butter. Not but what I'm loth to leave your fire, and turn out into it; so comfortable as you be here, to be sure!"

The woman moved to the door, as she spoke. The rain was coming down in torrents.

"You will get a dreadful soaking," exclaimed Mrs. Gould. "Have you an umbrella?"

"A crazy old thing, bent and broke. But no umbrella won't be of much good to-night. Good-evening for the present."

Away she clanked in her pattens, through the garden-gate and along the road. The first thing the wind did, was to take the "crazy old umbrella," and turn it inside out. She went on in the rain, not knowing at which of the public houses she might find him, and with something very like a malediction in her heart on all of them. They were numerous, and she tried several unsuccessfully. It was a weary search, and she grew disheartened; she was wet to the skin, and returned to Prospect Row, hoping he had gone home.

"Has he been for the key?" she asked, putting her head inside Mrs. Gould's door.

"No; here it is. Have you seen anything of my husband?"

"I have seen nothing of either of them. I wish the beer houses were burnt!" added Mrs. Reed, in exasperation. "What a life is mine, to be tied to such a sot!"

Back again to the search. She must have money for her marketings, and she must try and prevent him getting intoxicated. Just before eleven o'clock, the hour when the shops closed, she heard where he was. An acquaintance, bent on the same errand as herself gave her the information that he, and about fifteen others, were at that noted public, the Pig and Whistle, "a toping themselves stupid."

"All that way!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Reed. She went splashing wearily on, till she arrived at it, and she asked to see him. He came sullenly out of the tap-room, pipe in mouth, chaffing at the jokes of his companions, who asked him if he was in leading strings that his missis must come after him. He was fresh, not yet worse, and in a shocking humor; for drink always put him in one, though he was a civil man when quite sober.

"What do you want, a-coming hunting after me?" he exclaimed, with a scowl.

"What do I want!" she retorted, "why money, for one thing. You know the house is empty. Coals, and candles, and bread, and tea, and potatoes, and soap, and salt, and meat—"

He stopped her with an oath, threw down five shillings, and told her to go along, and get the things.

"What is the use of five shillings?" she asked, pushing it back. But he buttoned up his breeches pockets, and told her she might take that, or none.

"Won't you come home with me?" she resumed, not choosing to argue the matter then.

Home with her? was the answer. A pretty piece of impudence she must be, to ask that.

He went back to the company and the tap-room, as he spoke, and she, in a tone between scolding and crying, called out that he must be a good-for-nothing brute, to keep her trapesing about after him, on such a cruel night.

Before she had time to quit the hospitable door of the Pig and Whistle, a slatternly woman, with a red face and bold aspect, dashed into it, the rain dripping off her.

"Is he here?" she demanded, her breath redolent of spirits, and her voice unsteady.

The landlord's answer was a movement of his thumb in the direction of the tap room. She was passing towards it with a fierce step, but he interposed and stopped her.

"None of that, Dame Tailor. You can't go in there, to make a row; we know you of old. If you want him, I'll fetch him out."

"Fetch him out then, and be quick about it."

This woman and her husband lived in a room in the town—one room. They might have done so well, for he was a clever workman, but drink was his bane, always had been, from a young man, and drink was now hers. She was a smart, well-conducted, tidy young woman once, and she made him a well-conducted wife. Yes, she was; even that virago, with her offensive words, and her black hair hanging about her face. But his confirmed ill courses soured her temper and broke her spirit. Her children, born to rags and wretchedness, died off as they came, dying principally of hunger. Cold, weary, and sick at heart, she used to go hunting after him, as Mrs. Reed has just done after her husband, and he would meet her with abuse, insult, and at last with blows. All the good that was in her was thrown back upon her heart; maddened and despairing, she learned to fly to the same source to drown her sorrow, and soon she became as confirmed a drinker as he was.

Tailor came out staggering, a black-looking fellow, six feet high; and a scene of disturbance ensued. She was come for money to get more drink, and he would not give it her; he told her she was top heavy already. She retorted that he was. Threats poured from the man, screams of rage from the woman, and oaths from both. The landlord put a summary end to it; he expelled her from the door, *threatened her with the lock up if she returned, and Tailor went, staggering* and muttering, back to the tap-room.

Mrs. Tailor flew up the street, scolding and raving, with all the rage of a violent and half-crazy woman. The Brown Bear was the first public-house she passed; it stood invitingly open, and she turned into it, and called for gin-and-water, promising to pay on the following Monday.

"Who's to know whether I may trust you?" cried the landlady.

"I'll pay you, if I pawn the coat off Tailor's back. I swear it. There!"

The gin and water was supplied; and more after it; for landladies know that these drinking debts generally *are* settled; whether by the pledging of coats, or of any other article, is of no moment to them.

Mrs. Reed went forth from the public-house with the five shillings in her hand, but the clocks had then struck eleven, and the shops were closed. On her way up the street, she encountered many women going on the same errand that she had been. Some, now it was too late to buy what they wanted, were returning home; others were pacing before the public-house doors on that pitiless night, humbly waiting for their inhuman husbands, not daring to leave them to get home alone, in the state in which they knew they would be. Inhuman *then*; kind and civil if they would but keep sober.

Jessy had finished her work, and she sat with the Bible before her, when Mrs. Reed once more entered. She closed the book.

"Well," said she, "have you found him?"

"Yes; when eleven o'clock had gone. He's down at the Pig and Whistle, there's a tap-room full of 'em, an' he'll come home drunk, for he's pretty far gone towards it now. Look here!"

She stretched out her hand and exhibited the five shillings.

"He gave me *that*—and we want everything! I wonder a judgment don't overtake the beer houses, I do. Look at the state I'm in!"

"Poor thing! she was indeed in a comfortless state. Wet, as if she had been in a pool of water.

"There's that unfortunate Nance Tailor bad again. She came after Tailor to the Pig, and a fine row there was, for both of 'em was in for it. The landlord put her out, and she went screeching and blaspheming up to the Brown Bear, and there she'll stop till it shuts up."

"She'll drink herself to death, that woman will!"

"She has had enough to drive her on to it, like some of the rest of us. Your husband's not come home, for I saw him in the tap room down there at the Pig. I'm sure it's all enough to wear the life's hope out of one. It's well that you can sit there so calm, and read that good book. I am never in the frame of mind for it."

"The more crosses we have, the more we ought to go to it, for it is in trouble that we find its comfort," murmured Mrs. Gould. "I have taught Richard to care for it a little.—He did not when we married, and I think it is that which has kept him steadier than some."

The woman looked into the fire. The expression of her face seemed to say there was no comfort for her anywhere.

"That was kind of Mr. Danesbury, having the men before him yesterday," resumed Mrs. Gould.

"Did he have them? What for?"

"He had them all before him in the long room, and said it had come to his knowledge that their habit of frequenting the public houses at night was growing much more common than it used to be. He told them that it ruined their energies, wasted their means, and brought discomfort on their families; and he begged them to be more thoughtful and to put a check upon their love for drink. He said he would rather raise the wages of every man who would undertake to keep from the public house, than that they should go on drinking worse and worse, as they were doing."

"There! Now, look at Reed! He wouldn't tell me, 'cause he knowed he should not take the advice. No more will any of 'em; they'll all go to the public house, in spite of the master. Good night, Mrs. Gould. I wish we was all in Heaven together! 'twould be better for us!"

Scarcely had Mrs. Reed left, when Richard Gould came in. Not quite gone, only half so. His wife put the supper before him without speaking; he did not eat it, but went off to bed. The next morning he awoke, got up early, and went out to get the shoes for the children; for it had become a custom with some of the inferior shops in Eastborough to open for an hour or two on the Sunday morning. Perhaps the necessities of the workman's wives had originated it. His head was aching; wife was grieved; his wages were sensibly diminished. He begged her to say nothing at Mr. Harding's, and protested he never would be tempted out on a Saturday night again—as he had protested many and many a time before.

Poor Mrs. Reed had gone into her comfortless home, shivering and miserable. Yet she did not dare to crack up the fire, for the lump of coal on it was the last bit she had in the house, and she must keep it to boil the kettle in the morning, while she went out. A bitter feeling, a mixture of indignation and despair, stole over her heart, as she sat there waiting for her husband; despair at her unhappy misery, and indignation against public houses in general, and her husband in particular. Her thoughts flew back to the time when she was a pretty young woman, the child of respectable, industrious parents, without a care upon her, and looking forward to a hopeful future. "Oh, that I had never married!" she aspirated, "that I could again be as I once have been!"

The tower clock tolled twelve, and those agents of much misery, the public houses, closed for the night. Other nights the closing hour was eleven; Saturday, twelve. Why so? That the men, when they had money in their pockets, might enjoy increased facility of spending it? Let those answer who made the law. At three-quarters past twelve—it took him that time to reel home—Reed tumbled in, awfully abusive, especially at there being no fire and no supper; and, in spite of his wife's remonstrances, he managed to steady himself so as to crack up the coal, and start it into a blaze. In vain she tried to get him to bed: he lighted his pipe, and savagely ordered her to go out and buy beer, being with difficulty made to understand that the taps were closed for the night. He would sit on, and he did; now dozing, now taking a few whiffs at the pipe, and now breaking out into half-connected sentences of abuse. She poor, weary woman, was obliged to sit with him: left to himself, he might get burnt, or set the house on fire: not only for that—he would not permit her to go; he never did, when he was in that state. At four o'clock, he condescended to retire, she undressing him.

Before she seemed to have closed her eyes, the children were awake and noisy, as children like to be. Fatigued and unrefreshed, she got up, he lying on, like a clod; and, telling her children to be still in bed, for their father was not well, she prepared to go out. But first of all, she looked into her husband's pockets, painfully anxious as to the amount she might find there. His wages were fifteen shillings a week; it has been said that he was only an inferior workman; and she hunted out six-and-sevenpence-halfpenny. With a sensation of despair, she examined on, but there was no more. Three-and-fourpence halfpenny gone in one night! She put it back, and wrung her hands.

"Father got drunk last night, I know," whispered the eldest child to the rest, as soon as his mother's back was turned. "It was pay night." He was beginning, child though he was, to be wise in such matters.

Mrs. Reed laid out her five shillings, eking it out to the best advantage, returned, made the fire, got up the children and gave them their breakfast. Towards dinner-time her husband came shivering down, looking miserably cold and uncomfortable, and very angry with himself. For he was not a bad or unfeeling man, except when under the influence of drink. His wife was sullen and would not notice him; but at last she asked him, giving way to the burden that was lying at her heart, however he came to spend so much as three-and-sevenpence halfpenny. He didn't know how, he answered; he couldn't recollect. Somebody called for spirits, and then others called for spirits: there was a good deal drunk amongst 'em, one way or t'other. Ninepence of it was an old score which he owed. What was to be done about the landlord? was her next ominous question. He must let her have all that he had got remaining. Oh, yes! he would let her have it, he returned full of contrition, and they sat down to dinner pretty peacefully. Of course, ale was wanted to drink, with that, and the eldest child was despatched to the nearest tap for it.

After dinner, while Mrs. Reed was putting the place to rights and washing up, he took his hat and sallied out. The public-houses were open, and in passing the Leopard he saw some of his acquaintance sitting at its window. He went in "only just to speak with them," for his pricking conscience was whispering a warning; but they looked so comfortable and cosy with their pipes and jugs, that his old unhappy failing seized irresistible hold of him, and down he sat, and called for a pipe o' baccy and a pint o' mild ale. Others dropped in, one by one, till at length the room was pretty full. He sat there till nine at night—he was unable to tear himself away—and then went home. He had not toped himself into the state of the previous evening; by no means; and he would have asserted that he was perfectly sober, but he had further diminished his scanty stock of money. His wife, in towering indignation, had been fretting and scolding away her Sunday evening in a most unhappy frame of mind, and a loud and bitter quarrel closed it, which the children woke up to hear. And thus it went on; and that man, who ought to have kept his family in comfort, sunk them, week by week, into deeper poverty. Such were the existing circumstances with the majority of the workingmen of Eastborough.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBERT AND LIONEL.—THE LAST OF GLISSON.

Several years again went by after the date of the last chapter, for over the early part of this history we cannot afford to linger.

Arthur was now in partnership with his father, receiving a small share of the profits. The promise he had given of high excellence in earlier years had not been frustrated now that he had arrived at manhood. He was indeed all that the most anxious father could wish. Upon one point Mr. Danesbury's opinion proved a correct one—the fleeting nature of college friendships. Arthur's intimacy with Mr. Dacre had ended with his college life. They both quitted Cambridge at the same period. A letter or two had passed between them, and there it appeared to close, for Mr. Dacre went abroad, and Arthur heard no more of him. William was in London, articled to an eminent firm in Parliament street—Civil Engineers. His future destination was likewise to be the Danesbury works, where he would take the head of the engineering department. The younger children, Robert and Lionel, had left school this midsummer, and their callings in life were to be decided on.

Mrs. Danesbury was seated in her drawing-room, waiting tea, and getting cross. Nobody seemed to be remembering the tea hour, or her own exhausting patience, of which she had not a great stock. Her two sons were off somewhere; they had grown into fine youths, almost young men, and they had wills of their own. Their tastes for wine had grown also: the Sunday glass of wine was now a daily one, and they had begun to say it was not enough—they should like two. Mr. Danesbury was surprised and hurt; he rarely took more than one himself, and he said, No! But as soon as his back was turned, they helped themselves to the extra one, and Mrs. Danesbury sanctioned it: what harm, thought she, could two glasses of wine do strong, growing lads?

The first to enter the room, and encounter Mrs. Danesbury's impatience, was Isabel. No longer a girl, but an elegant young woman, with a refined countenance and winning manner.

"Where have *you* been?" sharply began Mrs. Danesbury.

"Is it late? Oh; but the others have not come in, I see. I have been with Aunt Philip."

A displeasing announcement for Mrs. Danesbury, considering that Mrs. Philip Danesbury was her especial aversion: she would have barred all intercourse with her, had she dared.

"Aunt Philip has had bad news, mamma," continued Isabel. "Her brother is dead, the Rev. Mr. Heber. He caught a fever after visiting some of his poor parishioners, and died. He was only ill a week."

"What is to become of his family?" cried Mrs. Danesbury. "That clergyman was as poor as a church mouse."

"It is a serious question. He has left no money behind him. Aunt Philip is going to invite the two daughters here."

"With her! To stop?" sharply questioned Mrs. Danesbury.

"I suppose they will stop," replied Isabel. "They will have no other home now. Their mamma died more than a year ago. Aunt Philip says they are admirable girls, everything that could be desired."

"Shameful!" ejaculated Mrs. Danesbury. "She will saddle the Danesbury money with the cost of their maintenance. She will make it an excuse for her income being augmented. I think she is helped pretty well, as it is, with her eight hundred a-year."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Isabel, in a tone of remonstrance, the crimson of shame for her step-mother mounting to her forehead, "how can you speak so? Mrs. Philip Danesbury's husband was papa's brother, and she has as much right to her income from the business, as papa has to his. Had my uncle Philip lived, he would have enjoyed a half share, not the small portion of eight hundred a-year."

"Eight hundred, clear and sure, for Philip Danesbury's widow, is more, in proportion, than we enjoy. She is one, and we are seven."

"Oh, mamma! you ought not to look at it in that light."

"If you presume to tell me what I ought, or 'ought not' to do," she retorted, "I will send you to your room, Miss Danesbury."

Isabel's heart beat high: she leaned out of the open window to still it. Her step mother's fits of passion and injustice sometimes told heavily upon her.

"She is the bane of the family, is Mrs. Philip Danesbury!"

Izabel thought that the family had a greater bane, so far as its peace was concerned; but she did not say so. She leaned further from the window, and watched for her father.

Mr. Danesbury was being detained by more things than one. He had been waited upon by a tenant of his, with a complaint against his younger sons. Just as the man was being dismissed, there arrived a messenger to say that Glisson was dying. She had been ill a few days with an affection of the chest, and Mr. Danesbury had been to see her; Arthur had been that very morning; but no immediate danger was apprehended. In the afternoon, a change had taken place.

Mr. Danesbury hastened to the cottage. There lay Glisson in bed, her eyes anxiously cast towards the door, looking for him. She was almost past speaking; almost past breathing; she feebly put out her hand as he approached, and took his. Her lips moved, and he bent his ear down to catch the sound:

"Master! bless you! and forgive!"

It was all she said. Whether the effort had been too much for her, or whether the minute for death had come, Glisson gasped twice, and died.

"I thought you were not coming in to-day," was Mrs. Danesbury's fractious salutation when her husband entered. "Where's Arthur?"

"He is gone to Mrs. Philip Danesbury's," was the reply; "and I have been detained. Glisson is dead."

"Dead!" interrupted Isabel. "Is it not sudden, papa?"

"My dear, I thought yesterday that she would not get over it. She is gone, poor thing."

"Poor thing!" sarcastically echoed Mrs. Danesbury, "I am sure it is a happy release, for herself and for other people. The death of a drunkard always is."

"She was not that at last, mamma," said Isabel: "not since she came back to Eastborough."

"She took care to have her beer at meals, and your papa's money going out to pay for it."

"Be more charitable, Eliza," spoke up Mr. Danesbury. "Animosity may surely cease, now she is dead."

"Are you going to defend what she did here?" demanded Mrs. Danesbury, who was in one of her most contentious humors.

"Oh, no. Glisson's fate should prove a warning to all who may be acquiring a love for intoxicating liquors. For the sake of a little self-indulgence, she forfeited her good home here, lost her self-respect and her fair name, and died in obscurity, an object of charity."

"Isabel says that brother of Mrs. Philip Danesbury's is dead. Of course all his children are unprovided for."

"The two daughters entirely so; but the sons are in a way to get their own living, or soon will be. The eldest is keeping his last term at Oxford, and will be in orders immediately. I saw Mrs. Philip Danesbury this afternoon. She is going to invite her nieces to live with her. It is fortunate that she is able and willing to receive them."

"And to tax your purse for it, I conclude," broke forth Mrs. Danesbury. "It is lucky for her family that she married a Danesbury."

The color mounted to Mr. Danesbury's temples, as it had previously mounted to Isabel's. "No," he replied, after a pause of self-control, "Mrs. Philip Danesbury's means are quite equal to her receiving this addition to her household, without her requiring me to provide for it."

"Have you seen the boys?" again began Mrs. Danesbury.

"No. But I am sorry to say that I have heard of them. Fox has been to me to complain. They have been over there this afternoon, damaging his hedge, spoiling some linen, spread there to dry, and giving him insolence and abuse."

"I am sure they did not," fired Mrs. Danesbury. "Abuse and insolence, indeed! Who is Fox, that he should dare to come to you with such a complaint?"

"He made a worse complaint than that," returned Mr. Danesbury. "He says Robert was not sober."

"Absurd!" retorted Mrs. Danesbury. "I daresay Fox was not sober, himself."

"I should like to know where they are lingering: they are aware of the tea hour. They shall no longer be in idleness; it is the root of all mischief. They seem to have set themselves against coming into the works: and you uphold them, Eliza."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Danesbury. "I wish them to choose professions: not business. Robert has decided upon his: he wants a commission purchased for him."

Mr. Danesbury looked up, not only surprised, but mortified. "A commission!" he uttered; "whatever put that in his head. I cannot sanction it. I very much disapprove of it."

"He says he will be nothing else," said Mrs. Danesbury, carelessly. "Why should you object to it?"

"I wish all my children to choose a peaceful employment. I am not reflecting on the brave defenders of our country," he hastened to add, "but I prefer that my sons should not fix on the army as their profession. They must turn their thoughts to something useful; in which their time and their talents can be honorably employed; something that will give them an opportunity of saying, when they come to their death-bed, 'I have led a useful life; I have improved the time and powers which it pleased God to entrust to me.'"

"And you believe this cannot be if they enter the army?"

"We are at peace," said Mr. Danesbury, "as we have been for many years, and as we seem likely to continue for many years more. An officer, of the present day, passes his time in idleness; my sons must not so pass theirs."

As Mr. Danesbury spoke, Robert and Lionel entered. Good looking youths both, but as yet less noble in form and feature than their brothers, Arthur and William. Mr. Danesbury informed them of the complaint of Fox, the nurseryman. "He says you, in particular, behaved shamefully, Robert."

"The vile old sinner! It's a lie. Pape—"

"Sir! reproved Mr. Danesbury: you forget yourself. No ill language before me. Tell me what really happened. The truth, mind; for I shall investigate this. In the first place, what had you been taking?"

"Taking!" echoed Robert, who had inherited his mother's crabbed temper.

"To drink. Fox says you were not sober."

"I'll wring Fox's neck, if he comes to you again with tales, about us. If anybody was not sober, it was himself," hastily added Robert, for Mr. Danesbury had raised his hand in displeasure. "Fox was in such a passion he could neither see nor hear."

"As I said," interposed Mrs. Danesbury.

"You took beer with your dinner, and your glass of wine after it"—Mr. Danesbury might have said two glasses.—"What else did you take?"

"Only a drop of cider."

"Where did you get that?"

Robert was silent. He would have preferred not to say where. But he knew there might be no trifling when thus brought face to face with his father.

"I was dreadfully thirsty; I suppose it was the fish at dinner; and I got a drop."

"Where did you get it?" repeated Mr. Danesbury.

"In a beer shop."

"Beer, wine, and cider! no wonder Fox had the complaint to make," said Mr. Danesbury, in a severe tone, whilst Isabel had looked up, startled. "I will speak to you about this when we are alone, Robert. Go on to what you did at Fox's."

"We did nothing. I just got over his hedge, and there was a big tablecloth, or something, spread out there, like a sail, and it got torn. Fox said we should pay for it; and I said I should not, for his insolence."

"But what brought you getting over his hedge at all?"

"It was in our way," haughtily answered Robert, "and we were in a hurry."

"What is that you are saying?" interrupted Mr. Danesbury. "Whatever may be your hurry, you have no right to go, broadcast, over other people's land and hedges."

"The land is ours, papa."

"No, sir, it is his. So long as he hires it from me, and pays me rent for it, it is his. I have always found Fox a civil, respectful man, and I know you must have provoked him most unjustifiably to induce him to be otherwise. The fact is, as I have been telling your mamma, you must be idle no longer. Now that it is decided you do not go to school again, you must choose what you will be. I should prefer your both coming to the Works; there is room for all of you: yes," added Mr. Danesbury, with emphasis, "room for all four of my sons, and an ample and increasing income."

Robert Danesbury turned up his nose. The two boys had been to a noted aristocratic private school, where they had learnt thoroughly to despise "business." Robert had told his mamma that he should never "soil his hands with it," and she upheld him.

"I intend to go into the army, papa."

"And I want to be a doctor," cried Lionel, who was a good-natured, pleasant, nice lad.

"Anything but that, Robert," said Mr. Danesbury. "Choose anything but that."

The question was not settled that evening; no, nor for several evenings after it. Robert Danesbury was thoroughly obstinate over it; he laughed contemptuously in his sleeve at his father's arguments about leading a useful life; he was bent on obtaining his own will, and at last he said—ay, and told Mr. Danesbury—that if he could not have a commission bought, he would enlist, for go into the army he would.

Mrs. Danesbury's system of training had begun to tell. It was working already in Robert Danesbury's undutifully refusing to yield his wishes to his father's; in his persistency in embracing the one only calling that was especially distasteful to Mr. Danesbury. Why was Robert Danesbury so eager to enter the army? That he might serve his country? Not at all: but he had acquired a passion for a red coat, and for a life of pleasure and idleness.

One day he ran up to his eldest brother. "Arthur, I wish you would persuade papa about my commission. He will listen to you. Mamma says she has teazed him till she is tired. He consented readily to Lionel's being a physician, and just because I want my commission, he won't give it me. Will you persuade him?"

"No, I cannot, Robert. I do not like the army for you, any more than he does. Choose something else. Would you like to be a barrister, as Tom Serle is going to be?"

"I will not be anything but an officer," returned Robert, sullenly; "my mind is made up, and nothing shall turn it. You are as unkind as you can be, Arthur."

Arthur laughed, and looked full in his face, and the cloud passed away from Robert's as he met the kindly gaze. He knew there were not many brothers in the world so good and affectionate as Arthur had ever been.

"*Won't* you persuade papa?"

"No, my boy. I could only do so against my conscience and my judgment: for I do not believe a commission would conduce to your happiness or welfare."

But Robert Danesbury, helped by his mother, carried his point, and Mr. Danesbury, under sore protest, at length consented to apply to the Horse Guards for the purchase of a commission. Lionel was placed with Mr. Pratt, the surgeon at Eastborough, to go through the necessary steps and grades towards becoming eventually a physician. It was arranged that he should pass his evenings and nights at home. Mr. Danesbury and Mr. Pratt were close friends, and the latter was pleased to receive Lionel. He was a man of sorrow, though he maintained outward cheerfulness. It arose from the conduct of his son: he had but one, who was turning out as badly as he could well do. He was never now seen at Eastborough, but was sometimes heard of in London.

Mrs. Philip Danesbury's nieces arrived, Mary and Anna Heber, the one grown up, the other several years younger. They were refined, gentle, good girls: Mrs. Philip Danesbur had said "admirable," and she had not said too much. Their beauty was the least part of them, though that was rare, and their calm, open, expressive countenances were an index to the well-disciplined mind within. They were the well-trained daughters of a sincere minister of religion. Danesbury House fell in love with them at first sight; with the exception of his mistress.

CHAPTER IX.

VISCOUNT TEMPLE.

Gay doings were expected in Bedford Row, in the house of Mr. Serle, for his eldest daughter, Charlotte, was about to be married to Walter St. George. The latter was now a partner, the firm being Serle and St. George. There were several years' difference between his age and Charlotte's, but the attachment had begun in her childhood. Miss Danesbury was there on a visit: she was to be one of the bridesmaids.

It was the evening of a grand dinner party. The young ladies were up stairs, dressing, and Mrs. Serle was about to go up for the same purpose. She was a bustling manager, liked looking into things herself, had been very busy, and put off dressing till the last minute. She had a lot of silver forks in her hands, which she was about to take to the servants in the dining-parlor, but had stepped into the drawing-room first, for something she wanted there. Mr. Serle came running up from the office, all in a hurry.

"Harriet, can you make room for another at dinner?"

"What an unreasonable question!" ejaculated Mrs. Serle, after a pause of surprise. "Of course I cannot."

"It must be done, somehow," returned her husband.

"It can't be done. I never heard of such a thing. We are just a dozen. Who wants to come?"

"One of our best clients. Lord Temple."

Mrs. Serle was considerably mollified. Lords were not common articles on her visiting list.

"He has been getting into a scrape," proceeded Mr. Serle. "He is always getting into scrapes; like his father before him. And he has come to me to get him out of it."

"But is that any reason why you should ask him to dinner to-day? The table will only hold twelve, comfortably."

"There are writs out against him," said Mr. Serle, dropping his voice to a whisper, "and he dare not show his face in the street. The house is being watched now for him, and if he stirs out, he'll be arrested. Here he is, safely housed, and here he must stop till the thing is settled. I have told him we will give him a bed: and to-morrow he must remain quietly up stairs with you and the girls, and not come in view of the office. It will be utter ruin to him if he gets taken, and not much less so, if these Jews scent his hiding-place."

"It is very awkward about the table," remonstrated Mrs. Serle, returning to the practical part of the affair; "otherwise I should be proud to have him. The sets of glass are only for twelve, and the dessert knives and forks—"

"Who looks at the pattern of a glass?" interrupted the lawyer: "and I'm sure you need not put me a dessert knife and fork, for I never use them."

"The table will be so crowded, and—oh! we should be thirteen! It is the unlucky number."

"Unlucky fiddlestick!" retorted Mr. Serle, who was growing provoked. "Just tell me what I am to do, will you? There's Lord Temple down stairs, shut up in my private room, and in the house he must remain. Would you keep him there while we dine, and send him a mutton chop upon a tray? Is that how you would treat a British nobleman?"

"Well, then, he must dine with us," concluded Mrs. Serle, balancing her exultation at showing off a real live lord to her guests, against the inconveniences it would cause, and her dread of the popular superstition. "Is he old or young?"

"Young. What has that to do with it?"

"I wonder whether I could coax Louisa not to come in till dessert," continued Mrs. Serle.

"*Of course you can*," returned he. "That will do. Wait a minute."

"She is not so easily coaxed, though, and she has been wild over this dinner party. Oh, Matthew!"

"What now?" asked he, turning back.

"I declare we have but twelve finger-glasses!"

"The dickens take the finger-glasses," cried the vexed lawyer; "put me a slop basin. Wait there, I say."

"Slop basin, indeed! that's just said to aggravate me. And what am I to wait here for? I shall have the people arrive before I am ready. If I don't believe he is bringing the lord up now, and I this figure! Well, of all the idiots—"

Mrs. Serle stopped, for the footsteps were close, and she strove to thrust the forks into her pocket, but they got entangled with her dress, and would not go in. She was fain to make the best of it, and held them out before her, very consciously wishing Mr. Serle at York.

"Mrs. Serle; Lord Temple."

A tall, slender young man of distinguished bearing entered; a very aristocrat. His face was pale, and his features were almost delicately beautiful, his hair was dark and his eyes were grey.

"What apology must I make for intruding upon you in this unceremonious manner?" he said, in a voice as pleasing as his air was frank. "Mr. Serle has been so kind as to say he will give me a bed to-night."

"I am most happy to see your lordship. I hope you will be able to make yourself at home with us; we are only plain people," was Mrs. Serle's confused reply, as she escaped from the room with the refractory forks.

Mr. Serle, apologizing, also left it, and the Viscount remained alone. He sat, tilting his chair, and stretching and yawning: the scrape he was in gave him some little concern, and he was sure this incarceration in his lawyer's house would prove "deuced slow." He had given his seat an extra tilt, and was in imminent danger of pitching over backwards, when the door opened, and a most beautiful girl appeared, quite as distinguished-looking as himself, her pink dress of rich and flowing material, and her necklace and bracelets of pearl.

Up rose Lord Temple, the finished gentleman. The young lady hesitated. He was a stranger, and she had believed the drawing-room to be empty.

"Allow me to give you a chair," he said. "I have the honor of speaking to Miss Serle?"

"No," she replied. "I am Miss Danesbury."

Charlotte Serle came in, and was soon followed by Louisa; for Louisa had declined her mamma's suggestion, of coming in with the dessert. The Viscount scanned the dresses of the three, and suspected company. The next to appear was Mr. Serle, in orthodox dinner costume. Lord Temple looked down at his own frock coat, and drew Mr. Serle outside the door.

"Have you visitors to day?"

"Only a few, my lord."

"Then what am I to do? I am in morning dress. You said I should be quite *en famille*."

"Your lordship's dress is all-sufficient. We do not stand upon ceremony in our house, or our visitors either. They will not look at your coat, my lord, after they hear your name."

Mr. Serle spoke the last sentence in a joking tone; but he was always obsequious to rank: to be so was innate with him.

"Well—if Mrs. Serle will excuse it. I must wash my hands, and be obliged to you for combs and brushes, and such things. There is no time to send to my house."

"I will show your lordship to your room. It is ready."

"Who is that gentleman?" inquired Isabel Danesbury.

"Don't know him from Adam," was the response of Charlotte Serle.

"He is a stranger," resumed Isabel, "for he addressed me as Miss Serle."

"I never saw him before. He has on a curious dress, if he is come to dinner. But he is evidently a gentleman."

"It is some grand client of papa's," interposed Louisa Serle. "Mamma came to me, all in a flurry, when I was in the nursery, having my hair done, and wanted me not to go down to dinner. The idea! Some important client had dropped in, she said, and papa had asked him to dinner, and she did not like to have the table in a squeeze, and would not sit down thirteen. I told her there would be no squeezing at all, but plenty of room, and thirteen was as lucky as twelve. So I finished dressing and came down."

"I liked his appearance very much," remarked Isabel.

"What is his name, Louy?" asked Charlotte.

"I forget. He is out of the common way. A duke, or a prince, or a something; at any rate, a nobleman."

Charlotte laughed.

"Louisa is rather given to romancing, Isabel. We never have noblemen here."

As she was speaking, Mr. St. George entered. A little man with a thin face, and keen, expressive, dark eyes.

"Walter," said his bride elect, "who is this client, come unexpectedly to dine with us?"

"Viscount Temple."

"A viscount! Louy's tale was not all romance, then."

The guests assembled. When dinner was announced, Lord Temple, who ought, in right of his rank, to have taken Mrs. Serle, drew back in all the humility of his frock-coat, and she was handed in by a big and burly Queen's counsel. The viscount looked amongst the young ladies, and offered his hand to Isabel.

So they sat together and conversed together, mutually pleased. Opposite to Isabel was her brother William, a remarkably handsome young man, though not quite so tall as Arthur. He had inherited his mother's soft dark eyes, and her beautiful cast of countenance, he had even her delicately-formed lips: but while hers had spoken of firmness, William's told of irresolution.

"Tell me who all these people are," whispered Lord Temple to Isabel.

"*I do not know the strangers*," *she replied*. "Only the Serles, Mr. St. George, and my brother. That is my brother, sitting opposite to me."

"A Mr. Serle, is he?"

"No," laughed Isabel, "I told you I was Miss Danesbury. He is William Danesbury."

"I really beg your pardon. Thrown amidst so many strange people at once, it has made me confuse names. St. George is to marry one of the Serles, is he not?"

"Yes; the one with the dark hair, sitting next to him."

"You do not reside here?"

"I reside at Eastborough."

"Eastborough"—spoke Lord Temple, half to himself—"Danesbury? Eastborough? why, you must be related to Arthur Danesbury!"

"He is my dear brother," answered Isabel.

"If we were not in a crowd, I should take both your hands and cordially shake them," exclaimed Lord Temple, his face, his eyes, his whole countenance lighting up with animation; "whatever you might think of me, I could not help doing it for Arthur's sake. We were together at Cambridge. You must have heard him speak of me."

Isabel reflected.

"I do not remember that I have," she answered. "Your name appeared strange to me, when it was mentioned this evening."

"Oh—I was not Lord Temple then. My father was alive. I was Mr. Dacre."

"You never can be Reginald Dacre!" uttered Isabel.

"Reginald Dacre is no other than my unworthy self. Very unworthy indeed, Miss Danesbury, if you knew all Arthur could tell you. He was a true friend to me, and saved me from many a pit-fall. 'My good guardian,' I used to call him; and such he was."

"He is good to every one," said Isabel.

"I am so glad to have met you," continued Lord Temple, "I have not seen Danesbury since we parted at Cambridge, though I have often thought, since my return from abroad, of looking him up. Arthur Danesbury is almost the only man I ever had a respect for."

"I hope not," remarked Isabel. "It does not say much for your circle of friends."

"He is, though. And now that I am told of the relationship, I can detect your likeness to him. You are very like him, Miss Danesbury. Your brother, opposite, is not."

"He is not, I think. I and Arthur resemble papa; and William, they say, is the very image of what poor mamma was."

"You have lost your mother?"

"When William was a baby."

"Now that I have heard of Arthur, I shall not rest till I pay him a visit. You will find me intruding some day upon you, Miss Danesbury."

"Danesbury House will be very pleased to welcome you. And, if you respect and like Arthur, I am sure you will respect and like papa."

"I thought my sojourn in Bedford Row would have turned out unmitigatedly dull," candidly spoke the young nobleman, "but I need not fear that now, with you to talk to, and Arthur for the theme."

"Are you going to stay here?" she inquired, in surprise.

"For a day or two. Serle and St. George are my solicitors, and are arranging some business matters for me. Will you introduce me to your brother William after dinner?"

"Certainly I will."

"You do not drink your wine," observed Lord Temple, perceiving that, however often Isabel complied with the request to take wine, the quantity in her glass was never sensibly diminished, and the space to be filled up each time got less, instead of greater.

"Thank you; I do not like wine."

"Not like wine!"

"I never drink it by choice. At a dinner-table such as this, I sip it, not to appear singular, but I do no like it well enough to do more than just put my lips to it."

"I never heard of such a thing as not liking wine," repeated Lord Temple. "What do you like?"

"Water."

"I wonder you can choose anything so insipid. Arthur never drank anything but water, I remember."

"Never. He is more particular than I. I almost call it one of the points in Arthur's religion, to drink simple water."

"But why?" inquired Lord Temple.

"For one thing, we were brought up to drink it; as children, neither beer nor wine was ever given to us; we were not suffered to know the taste of them. And," added Isabel, sinking her voice, "the very last words mamma ever said to Arthur, were an injunction not to drink anything but water."

"When she was dying?"

"Oh, no. She was quite well; as well as we are now, and had been dining at this very table, for we were here on a visit. But mamma received a hasty summons home, and she took leave of me and Arthur, and left us here, and started. Before she reached Eastborough, it had happened. The chaise was overturned, and mamma killed."

"How shocking! how distressing!" uttered Lord Temple, his countenance betraying its sad interest.

"We were only children," continued Isabel. "Mamma feared that in her absence Mr. and Mrs. Serle might be giving us wine and porter, and she whispered to Arthur, in the moment of her departure, not to touch either; and he promised. Those words, though only meant, at the time she spoke them, to apply to the period she expected to be away from us, Arthur has always regarded as a dying injunction, and he has never transgressed it. He is a strict water-drinker."

"And you and Arthur really like water better than anything stronger?"

Isabel smiled.

"We like water much, and we do not like stronger things. The taste for water, which of course is born with every one, mamma took care should be cultivated in our childhood. She deemed it most essential to bring children up to like water, and equally essential not to let them acquire a predilection for ale and wine."

"Well, all this sounds like a new theory to me," said Lord Temple, good humoredly, though, Isabel thought, not altogether in belief. "*I fancy it must be pleasant to like water as a beverage; convenient at times. But your brother, there, doesn't not confine himself to water*," he added, for he saw that William Danesbury drank as much wine as the rest of the table.

"No," replied Isabel. "Papa's second wife has had the bringing-up of William, and she does not approve of the water-drinking system. She is Mrs. Serle's sister."

And thus they continued to converse, upon one topic or another, until the ladies rose. It was Lord Temple who, oblivious of his frock-coat, held the door open for them as they filed out of the room.

"You very essence of all flirtation!" uttered Charotte Serle to Isabel, the moment they reached the drawing-room. "Had you and Lord Temple been old friends, meeting after a long absence, or on the point of marriage, as I and Walter are, you could not have been more wrapt up in each other."

"A great deal less, before you all, had we been on the point of marriage," merrily laughed Isabel. "But we really did not seem unlike friends, meeting after an absence, though I never saw him till this evening. Before we had spoken many words, he discovered that I was Arthur Danesbury's sister; and I, that he was the Reginald Dacre of Arthur's college days. They were close friends at Cambridge; Lord Temple says he never had so true a one."

"But you must have known that Reginald Dacre was Lord Temple's son," observed Mrs. Serle.

"Of course I knew it at the time," replied Isabel, "but the title had quite slipped from my memory."

"How singular!" exclaimed Mrs. Serle.—"Such chance encounters do sometimes happen, though. Mr. Serle is as Lord Temple's right hand, and does everything for him," she added, for the benefit of her guests. "He has recently succeeded to the estates."

"Such estates as they are," spoke the Queen's counsel's wife. "His father was a poor man—made himself poor; gamed, drank, and squandered his money. Lord Temple—the present lord—was the only child, has come into a dilapidated purse; and is as careless and hare-brained as his father was before him."

"He seems a very delightful young man," quoth one of the ladies.

"Yes. But he made a hole in his manners to-day; coming to a dinner party in a frock-coat!"

"It was a——misapprehension," interposed Mrs. Serle, not choosing to be more explanatory. "He expected a quiet chop with Mr. Serle, and did not go home to dress. He talked about not appearing, when he found we had friends, but Mr. Serle assured him—you know he is fond of a jest—that when the visitors had heard his name, they would not see his coat. Miss Danesbury, will you give us some music?"

Lord Temple did not leave Mr. Serle's at the end of a day or two. His affairs were in a more intricate state than Mr. Serle had supposed, and not until the eighth day was he at liberty to depart. He had not failed to improve his acquaintance with Isabel Danesbury. Indeed, it was no longer acquaintance, or friendship either; it had grown into love. Ay, love on both sides, short as the period had been.

But they had been very much together.—Mrs. Serle and her daughters were fully engaged with the preparations for Charlotte's wedding; and Isabel was requested, as a great favor, to entertain the guest, that they might be more at liberty. She complied, nothing loth, for she had never met with any one she liked so well as Lord Temple. She did not care to analyze her pleasant sensations; he did not think to analyze his. To analyze anything was not in Lord Temple's line. They only felt that the presence of the other was becoming strangely dear, and, by the time the eight days had gone by, too dear to be relinquished. The first use Lord Temple, impetuous in all he did, made of his liberty, was to hasten down to Eastborough, and lay his proposals for Isabel before Mr. Danesbury.

Arthur Danesbury was inexpressibly surprised; surprised at the sight of his former friend, and at his proposing for Isabel after so short a knowledge of her. Mr. Danesbury could say little, for or against, Lord Temple being to him a complete stranger. He inquired privately of Arthur what character he bore at college, and what his principles were.

"He was no worse than many another at college," was Arthur's reply; "better than some. His chief fault lay in being so easily led away."

"Is he one to whom we ought to give Isabel?"

"As he was then, no; as he might have been, yes," answered Arthur. "His faults were not grievous ones. They were what are looked upon by the world with a lenient eye. Years have passed since then, and he had excellent seeds in his heart; quite sufficient to root out the tares."

Mr. Danesbury looked perplexed.

"The question is, has he suffered the seeds to bear fruit," he gravely said, "or are the tares there still?"

"If they are there yet, the good must be well-nigh overrun," was Arthur's comment.—"He has many good points. He is frank and truthful, and full of honor."

"I shall write and inquire of Serle what he knows of his private character," said Mr. Danesbury. "Lord Temple frankly states that his affairs are such that he cannot marry yet, for his father's death left all in confusion, and it will take time to get them even tolerably straight."

"He informs me that he has made himself answerable for some of his father's liabilities," observed Arthur. "He used to be generous to a fault. Suppose, sir, you accept him conditionally?"

"Yes, *I* think that must be it. I will tell him that if we hear nothing to his disadvantage I will say yes, after a while. It is a higher alliance than a Danesbury could have expected; but I look to Isabel's happiness, not to her grandeur."

Lord Temple went over the extensive works. He was pleased with all he saw. He appeared not to share in the popular prejudice which men of his rank hold against commerce.

"*I should think it an honor to be a second* Danesbury," he remarked to Arthur, with whom he was alone, and very much in earnest he appeared when he spoke it; "and a lucky thing for me if it were so, for it would keep me out of idleness."

"Dacre," returned Arthur Danesbury, in a grave voice, "have you sown your wild oats? Answer me truly. Because, if not, you know that you are no fit husband for my sister."

"I have sown most of them," replied Lord Temple, "and what few may cling to me still, a wife will, of necessity, dissipate."

"It is a serious thing to us, Dacre, to give away Isabel. Though pray forgive my still calling you 'Dacre,'" Arthur broke off to say; "I cannot rid my tongue and memory of the old familiar name. And, were one to receive the gift who proved afterwards unworthy of it, it would break some of our hearts."

"She shall find me all she could wish," returned Lord Temple, in his impetuous fashion. "I would go through fire and water for her."

Arthur Danesbury doubted his lordship's being called upon to undergo the suggested ordeals.

"Would you undergo self-denial for her?" he asked.

"I would go through anything and everything for Isabel. Mr. Danesbury need not doubt me. She is the first woman who ever touched my heart, and I swear that I will do all in my power to make her happy."

Viscount Temple was soon back in London, whither Arthur accompanied him. He—her lover—informed Isabel that her father had no objection to him, and they plighted their troth. Mr. Serle had written word, in answer to Mr. Danesbury's application, that he knew nothing unfavorable of Lord Temple. The true fact was, that he knew nothing whatever of his private habits, except that he got out of money. And Lady Isabel Danesbury returned home, after Charlotte Serle's marriage, an engaged girl.

But now, what was, in reality, the daily life of Lord Temple? He was an *idle* nobleman. Had he been trained to engage in any worthy pursuit, he would have been a different man. Want of occupation rendered him indolent, and an easily-swayed disposition led him into sin: few men but could resist temptation better than Viscount Temple. Let us glance at four-and-twenty hours of his life, and that will serve for an illustration of all.

A choice knot of young men had assembled to dine at the bachelor residence of Sir Robert Payn; a wealthy commoner, of extensive purse, fastidious taste, and fast habits. The half-dozen guests collected, of whom Lord Temple made one, were all of fast habits likewise. Look at the preparations for the dinner: the costly table with its costly appurtenances. Silver ornaments; silver dishes; brilliant glass, richly cut; superb china from the fair manufactories of Worcester; with damask linen of rare beauty! The fittings-up of the room were luxurious; and the peculiar paintings on the walls, though finished and beautiful as to their execution, would have told that their owner was an unmarried man. The preparation of wines was great. There was champagne, and there was sparkling Burgundy; Madeira, and golden sherry, and heady port; with the array of lighter wines from France, claret, Bordeaux; too many sorts to be named. Bottles of foaming ale were under the side-board, and spirits stood on it in their handsome stands.

The dinner was most recherche; Sir Robert's entertainments always were; and the guests did it ample justice. They all drank deeply; not certainly to intoxication; that would have been a sin against good manners at that hour of the evening; and custom enabled them to drink much with impunity. After a potent cup of coffee and a glass of rich liquor, they went out; to the opera, to the green-room of a favored theatre, or to look in for half-an-hour at some of the entertainments, held that night by the noble and great. That over, the night-work began: their clubs; their gaming-houses; their questionable saloons; and the supper, the finish-up. The less said about these suppers, the better. It was a motley scene: gentlemen and ladies eating, laughing, and getting tipsy together: red and white wines, ales, spirits, and showers of brandy and champagne. Lord Temple's coroneted cab was waiting for him outside, amidst a crowd of other cabs, and wait it did till morning light. The grooms and servants in attendance on the cabs sometimes got loud and quarrelsome, for they also must while away the midnight hours in drink, while waiting for their masters.

Daylight broke, and the lords came forth: some had to be helped into the cabs by their servants, little more sober than themselves. Lord Temple pitched into his, and was driven home. His valet assisted him to undress, and he got into bed at an hour when less exalted people were beginning their day. He awoke with aching head and fevered tongue. What was the time? Eleven. And he turned round and closed again his heavy eyes. Later, he struggled up, dressed, and went into the breakfast-room, not inclined to eat; on the contrary, shuddering at the displayed viands on the table. As he stood there, with his hands in his pockets, George Eden dropped in, one of the last night's party, with the same burning head and shaking frame. It was those cursed cigars made them ill—it was the adulterated wine—it was the impure brandy: the fellow at the "Finish" ought to have his license stopped for supplying such: it was anything, in short, but the quantity they took, and, of course, it was not that. Certainly not: nobody ever acknowledged to such an imputation yet. What could they take now? A glass of hock, said George Eden; brandy and soda water, said Lord Temple, and his servant supplied them. They were not fit for anything; they did confess that; and the horses were ordered round, that they might go for a long, bracing ride. The fresh air blew on their heated brows, and made other men of them, but they were awfully thirsty, and they called for some half-and-half at more than one roadside inn. They got back to town in time to pay some morning visits (morning, as they are called), and they looked in at the clubs for a gossip, and idled away an hour in the betting-rooms, leaving time for the display in the park. Then came round the late dinner hour, and they sat down to it, as on the previous evening, though not at Sir Robert Payn's, and afterwards finished up the night *selon les regles*.

Now this was a fair specimen of Lord Temple's day; and yet he told Arthur Danesbury that his wild oats were buried! Possibly Lord Temple believed they were. Possibly Lord Temple thought that when he married, he should cut through his present habits, as effectually as a knife severs a cheese, and never return to them. Or, he may have seen nothing to reprobate in this course of life, for example is fearfully infectious, and numbers, older and wiser and higher in the peerage than he, led it.

But what reckoning was it that he was laying up for himself? Time wasted, powers prostrated, talents thrown away! Lord Temple's intellect was fine, and his heart good, but what use was he making of them? He never cast a thought to the solemn warning that "*for* all these things God would surely bring him into judgment." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A farmer who stabbed a deaf and dumb man, near Navan, has escaped from justice, for the present, at least, because neither the prosecutor, nor any of his family, knew the deaf and dumb alphabet, and there was no satisfactory mode of obtaining the prosecutor's evidence. The magistrates recommended that application should be made to the Crown to have the man taught.—*English Paper*.

☞ It is a truth not often realized, that men must be already wise in order to love wisdom.

☞ "That's part of the sinking fund," as a chap said when a box of specie went to the bottom of the river.

☞ An Irishman writing from Ohio, says it is the most elegant place in the world. "The first three weeks," he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along, and bring the children."

☞ Mrs. Juliette H. Beach, in a review of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," makes some frank avowals: "I am not at all squeamish," she says. "Not easily shocked either. I adore the beautiful, and grow impassioned as I drink in the voluptuous in art or poesy. Amorous poetry, so far from being to me offensive, is delightful, and the soft, liquid lines of tender love, and the deep strains of a burning passion, seem to me alike fit hymns for man to offer up." As for Whitman, however, it is her candid opinion that "he certainly has not soul enough to be saved. I hardly think he has enough to be damned."

☞ A correspondent of the American Agriculturist suggests very sensibly:—

"There is one thing I would be glad to see more parents understand, namely, that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a *premium to stay at home*, as much as possible, to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a *premium to spend their time away from home*, that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display."

☞ A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong to call it "a waste of water!"

Wit and Humor.

HOW HE HAD HIM.

A man named Wells kept a tavern in one of our Western villages; but though his house had a very good name, it was more than he had himself; for it was surmised by his neighbors that he used a great deal of fodder, corn, etc., for which he never gave an equivalent, though it had never been clearly proved upon him.

Early one morning, he was met by an acquaintance named Wilkes, as he was driving before him a heifer, which he had most probably *borrowed* from some farmer.

"Hallo, Wells, where did you get that heifer?" cried Wilkes.

"Bought her of Col. Stevens," was the unhesitating reply.

"What did you pay for her?"

"Twenty dollars," said Wells, as he hurried on.

About an hour afterwards, as Wilkes was sitting in Wells's bar-room, Col. Stevens entered. After a few minutes' conversation, Wilkes said:

"A fine animal that you sold Wells!"

"I don't understand you; I never sold Wells any animal."

"Didn't you? Why, I met him this morning with a heifer, which he said he bought of you for twenty dollars."

"He did, eh? Well, since he said so, he has got to pay me for her," said Stevens.

Wells entered soon after, and Stevens, stepping up to him, said:

"Come, Wells, I'll trouble you for the money for that heifer; it was a cash bargain, you know."

"I never bought any heifer from you."

"Don't you remember you bought one of me for twenty dollars? Here's Wilkes can prove it."

"No, he can't," said Wells.

"You told me *so* this morning," said Wilkes.

A curious expression passed over Wells's face; he felt himself cornered; he had either to tell where he got the animal, or lose twenty dollars; and thinking it not safe for him to do the first, he pulled out his wallet, counted out the money, and handed it to Stevens, saying:

"So I did—so I did. I had forgotten all about it; you must excuse me."

SULPHUROUS.

A verdant Irish girl just arrived was sent to an intelligence office by the Commissioner of Emigration to find a place at service. She was sent to a restaurant, where "stout help" was wanted, and while in conversation with the proprietor, he took occasion to light his cigar by igniting a locofoco match on the sole of his boot. As soon as she saw this, she ran away half frightened to death, and when she reached the office was almost out of breath.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" said the proprietor, seeing her rush in with such confusion.

"Och, shure, sur, but yo's sint me to the old nick himself in human form."

"What does he mean? has he dared to insult a help from my office?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sur," returned the girl, "he's the old nick!"

"What did he do? tell me, and I'll fix him for it," said he, quite exasperated.

"Why, sur, whilst I was talking to him about the wages, he turned up the bottom of his fut, and wid a splinter in his finger, sur, he jist gave one stroke, and the fire flew out of his fut, and burned the stick, and he lighted his cigar with it, right afore my own face! He's the old nick, shure, sur!"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

MRS. PARTINGTON.—"What is the matter with Mrs. Jenks, doctor?" asked Mrs. Partington, as Dr. Bolus passed her house. She had been watching for him for half an hour through a chink in the door, and people who detested the end of a nose thrust out of the chink aforesaid, stopped an instant to look at it, strongly inclined to touch it and see what it was.

"She is troubled with varicose veins, mem," replied the doctor, blandly.

"Do tell," cried the old lady; "well, that accounts for her very coarse behaviour, then, and it isn't any fault o' her'n arter all, poor woman, 'cause what is to be will be, and if one has very coarse veins, what can one expect? Ah, we are none of us better than we ought to be."

"Good-morning, mem," said Dr. Bolus, as he turned away, and the old lady shut the door.

"No better than we ought to be!" What an original remark, and how candid the admission. The little front entry heard it, and the broad stair that led to the chamber heard it, and Ike heard it, as he sat in the kitchen daubing up the old lady's Pembroke table with flour paste, in an attempt to make a kite out of a choicely saved copy of the Puritan Recorder. "We are no better than we ought to be"—generally.—*Boston Post.*

NOT TO BE FRIGHTENED BY BEARS.—A fast little six year old, the favorite eldest of a friend of ours, conceiving a dislike for a bald-headed gentleman who frequently passed his father's store, one day threw stones at him. His mother was much grieved at such conduct, and not only sent an apology to the gentleman, but took down the family Bible, and read of the bears who came out and destroyed the children who ridiculed the bald-headed prophet. The next day the little fellow collected a large number of stones, and, as soon as the gentleman made his appearance, commenced hurling them at him. His father soon arrested his warlike demonstration, and asked him what he meant by such conduct. "I thought I'd see if the bears would come sure enough, as ma said they would."—*Augusta (Georgia) Despatch.*

☞ A TEST OF VANITY.—Everybody fancies that he can poke the fire better than everybody else.

DEAD TO THE LAW.

Some years ago, a man without a family or relatives, lived in a county in Arkansas, and was possessed of an estate worth $5,000. He went to New Orleans, and was absent four years without being heard from. The Probate Judge granted administration on his estate, wound it up, and discharged the administrator. The man returned—had been to Mexico. When in open court the following dialogue took place:—

Dead Man.—"If your honor please, I want my effects returned to me, as you see I am *not dead.*"

Court.—"I know—that is, as a *man*—that you are alive and in court; but, as a *court* I know you are *dead*, for the records of this court say so, and against their verity there can be no averment—so says Lord Coke, and a good many other books I never read!"

Dead Man.—"But I want my property, and it's no matter to me whether your records lie or not. I am alive, and have not transferred my property; and, to deprive me of it without my consent, is against all law."

Court.—"If you intimate that the records of this court lie, this court will send you to jail!"

Dead Man.—"Send a *dead* man to jail!"

Court.—"Mr. Sheriff, take this apparition out."

Sheriff.—"Come, let's go and take something to drink."

The Judge stuck to it, that so far as this court was concerned, he *was dead*, and he'd be cussed if he shouldn't *stay dead!* And the poor fellow went into chancery and spent all he made in Mexico, and all the rest.

SOMETHING BESIDES PORK FAT.

A great many anecdotes are told by the miners, in relation to their first experience in the mining country. A friend relates the following:—

While digging in one of the southern mines, the travelling was so bad that the usual supply of groceries at the store run short, and nothing eatable was to be had but salt pork and flour. This fare was put up with for a long time, until they began to look as greasy as so many Jews, or tallow-chandlers. Driven to desperation, one of the party went to the grocery, determined to bring back something besides salt pork and flour.

"Have you nothing but that villainous pork and nasty flour?" said the inquiring miner.

"Nothing."

"No sugar?"

"No."

"No molasses?"

"No, nothing, I tell you."

"What have you in those bottles on the shelf?"

"Jayne's Pectoral, for the cure of coughs, colds, and consumption—only $3 a bottle."

"Well, give us a bottle, then. I'll have something besides pork-fat to eat with my flapjacks."—*N. Y. Picayune.*

WELLER ON HIS FARM.—The Alameda (Cal.) Herald tells the following anecdote of Ex-Governor Weller, which is worth printing:—

It seems that, a few days since, one of those persons who are often met with in this country seeking employment, came to the premises of his Excellency and found him pruning his vineyard, which employment made it necessary to divest him of his coat, and altogether gave him the outward appearance of a real laborer. The stranger approached the Governor, and the following colloquy ensued:

"I say, Cap., does the man who owns these premises want to hire any more help?"

"No, sir, I think not; he has all the help he wants at present."

"Right nice place this."

"Yes, this is a very good farm."

"Well, Cap., if it's a fair question, what wages do you get here?"

"Oh, I only get my board and clothes, and nothing to brag of at that."

"You must be harder up than I am, to work for them prices."

The Governor allowed his interrogator to depart without correcting his mistake, and he continued to use the pruning-knife.

SAVING HER CATECHISM.—A lady observing a little girl apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question—

"Whose child are you?"

"Child of wrath, ma'am," cried the little urchin, dropping a curtsey, as if addressing the parson.

The lady resumed and said—

"Where were you born?"

"Born in sin, ma'am," persevered the diminutive theologian.

A YES OR NO.—A simple "yes," or an emphatic "no," may cost you a fortune—may cost you a troop of friends—may cost you a political promotion—may cost you your character—may cost you your soul! How many a public man has had his whole career decided by his course in some trying emergency, or on some one great question of right. He is led up into the mount of temptation, where some gigantic iniquity bids him bow down and worship it, and promises in return, "all the world and the glory thereof." From that mount of trial he comes down a hero or a fool. The die is cast. If he has honored justice and truth, then justice and truth will honor him; if not, his bones will be left bleaching on the road to a promotion he can never reach.—*Cuyler.*

NO COMPLIMENTS IN PRAYER.—We have heard some prayers which were designed to affect the hearer rather than to reach heaven. The following characteristic anecdote of John Randolph is a keen rebuke of the practice:

In one of his spells of repentance and sickness, he was visited by a minister, who, at his request, prayed for and with him. The minister began on this wise: "Lord, our friend is sick. Thou knowest how generous he was to the poor, and what eminent services he has rendered to his country, and how he is among the honored and great men of the earth—"

"Stop, stop," said the impatient Randolph, "no more of such stuff, else the Lord will damn us both."

A HINT TO ARTISTS.

The artists of Philadelphia complain that they have difficulty in selling their pictures—let them take a hint from the above. Promenading up and down Chestnut Street in the above manner, their works would attract an attention which they do not at present receive. "If the mountain won't go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

LIFE AND LOVE.

Life is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storms of sorrow,
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be link'd together.

Life is a diamond rich and rare,
But Love is the lustre that danceth there:
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamonds to-day may be dust to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be link'd together.

Life has a rich and a smiling face,
But Love is the dimple that gives it grace;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's brightest beams are blanched with sorrow,
And roses to-day may be lilies to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be link'd together.

ALBACHE HAY HILL.

THE CROSS.—The following striking passage is from Henry Ward Beecher's sermon preached last Sunday, in the pulpit of the late Theodore Parker, at Boston:—"The cross has twined around it every association of dignity and beauty in the world. Not one other thing has received from the fertile minds and the all-fashioning hands of men of genius so many extrinsic beauties as the Cross of Christ. Millions never hear of it without a throb, nor see it without a genuflection. It dawns upon the child in the cradle next to its own mother's face, and it is the last thing from which the light disappears when this child, in old age, is dying. The cross is now as universal and as beautiful to the associations and the memories of men, as then it was rare, peculiar and odious; it is that which now to us is not only suggestive of a fact in Christ's history, but it is also a memorial of two thousand years of history. Around that simple cross-wood the heart of the world has gathered for twenty centuries its stores of admiration, of love, of devotion."

Agricultural.

HOW THE BEAN CLIMBS THE POLE.—Professor Brewer of Washington College, Pa., states that beans will climb around a transparent glass pipe just as well as anything else, and that they are most ardent in their embraces when the pole is warmer than the surrounding air. During the day, the vine is attracted toward the light, but at night, and especially on cool nights, it turns to the pole. He learned, also, that the color of the pole makes no difference; the caressing instinct of the vine has no prejudice against any shade. The element of constancy is very largely developed; the vine, after it has reached its pole, showing a much stronger tendency to wind around it than it did before to reach it.

TURNPIKE AND OTHER ROADS.—The following table shows the estimated average force required to draw a light, four-wheeled cart, weighing, with its load, 1,000 pounds, over different description of roads:

Description of Road.	Force of Traction to move the Carriage.
Turnpike road—hard and dry	30½ lbs.
Turnpike road—dirty	39 "
Hard compost—loam	53 "
Ordinary bye road	106 "
Turnpike road newly gravelled	142 "
Loose sandy road	204 "

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF CAMOMILE.—A decoction of the leaves of common camomile will destroy all species of insects, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of camomile plants dispersed through it. No greenhouse or hothouse should be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or the flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover, if you plant camomile near it.

FRENCH BUTTER.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Express says:—A French chemist has invented a new mode of making butter, by means of a filter, instead of a churn, the apparatus being of the most simple character. The filter is a kind of bag, formed of white felt, or even sheeting. The bag should resemble, in shape, a military fatigue cap, only being much longer than deep. From each of the two corners issues a porous string, (a piece of ordinary wicking is best,) destined to furnish an outlet for the liquid parts of the cream about to be placed inside of the bag, which should be suspended from two rigid stems, to hold the corners in place. The filter being filled with cream, the whey or thin milk will soon drip through the cloth, or pass out by means of the wick conductors. In the course of twenty-four or thirty hours, nothing but the cream will remain in the filter, and this will be as thick as the cheese known in America as "smearcase." The process is now half completed. The solidified cream is taken out and placed in a strong linen sack, the aperture of which is closed with a bit of twine. The whole is placed in a broad trough, or on a table, and vigorously kneaded with the two hands. In a few moments the sound of a slight, splashing, and the issue of water, will indicate that the butter is made. There is no more to be done, but to take out the contents of the sack and work out the buttermilk in the usual manner. Practical housekeepers will thoroughly appreciate the rapidity and economy of a process like this, which also has the advantage of insuring the purity of an article so abominably adulterated as the butter sold in cities is, almost invariably.

INCREASE OF STRAWBERRY PLANTS.—The rapid increase from a strawberry plant in the course of a few years, under favorable circumstances, can be hardly comprehended by one who has never observed this increase. There is a difference in varieties. In rich soils, some will occasionally produce a hundred in a single year, but calling the number but thirty, the yield would be 900 at the end of the second year; 27,000 at the end of the third; 810,000 at the end of the fourth; 24,300,000 at the end of the 5th; 729,000,000 at the end of the sixth, etc. Cultivators who do not wish to pay high prices per hundred for new sorts, may soon obtain all they need by increase.—*Maine Farmer.*

HAY.—Grass, for hay, should be cut before the seeds ripen. Some farmers think it best to let the seed ripen, as the seed is more nutritious. The value of hay is in the saccharine matter contained in the stalk. This saccharine matter is drawn from the stalk to mature the seed; and the grass stalk, on which the seed has ripened, loses its saccharine matter, and is as worthless as wheat straw. If the seed is allowed to mature on the corn-stalk, the stalk will not make sugar. So with the sugar cane—that intended for the manufacture of sugar should not be allowed to mature its seed. So grass should be cut while the saccharine matter is in the stalk, and before it has been used to mature seed.

TO SCARE CROWS.—The best scare-crow we ever tried was this:—Take fine plump seed corn—a quantity of it—string each kernel on a horse hair—white is best—tying a knot in it to prevent its slipping off. Scatter it over the field in spots where the crows will see it and alight. Mr. Crow will eat but one kernel of it, and will not trouble that field (or any other) again. The two ends of a horse hair sticking out of his mouth, well anchored in his craw by a fine kernel of corn, is by no means a pleasure to him. Perhaps some would call it brutal. We would, were it practiced upon almost any other bird.

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.—As a rule, water should never be given, until the further withholding of it would be detrimental to the plants. Habitual watering does, in the majority of cases, more harm than good. Plants left to battle with drought send their roots down deep in search of moisture, and when rain does come, they benefit more by it than those that have regular waterings all along, if the ground is dug deeply and kept in good heart.

COAL ASHES.—It is asserted that coal ashes, spread around the hills of melon or cucumber vines, will prevent the attack of the striped bug.

FOR THE CURCULIO.—A writer in the New York Observer gives the following receipt for a wash, which he says is a superior mode of preventing their ravages. The following are directions for preparing the wash:

Take one pound of whale oil soap; add four ounces of sulphur; mix thoroughly and dissolve in twelve gallons of water. To one half-peck of quick-lime add four gallons of water and stir well together. When fully settled, pour off the transparent lime water and add it to the soap and sulphur mixture; add to the same, also, four gallons of tolerably strong tobacco water. Apply this mixture, when thus incorporated, to your plum or other trees with a garden syringe, so that the foliage will be well drenched. If no rains succeed for three weeks, one application will be sufficient; should frequent rains occur, the mixture should be again applied until the stone of the fruit becomes hardened, when the season of the curculio's ravages is past.

Whale oil soap is made in the oil bleacheries, and is a combination of soda, or potash, used in the process, with the dirtiest impurities of the oil. It is now found for sale at agricultural warehouses and at druggists. It is valuable, when dissolved alone in water, as a wash for shrubbery in the garden that is infested with lice and insects. It is a little caustic, and should not be applied too strong. One pound to twelve or sixteen gallons of water is about right.

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Bathe the parts affected with water, in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as can be borne just before going to bed; by the next morning the pain will be much relieved, if not removed. One application of this simple remedy has cured the most obstinate rheumatic pains.—*Family Herald.*

CLEANING SILVER ORNAMENTS.—If you would restore the virgin "bloom" to your silver ornaments, cut some flakes of white curd soap, and put them into a saucepan of water to simmer. You must then sew the ornaments up in a muslin bag, and place them in the liquid for about ten minutes whilst on the fire.

STAINS.—To take white stains from varnished furniture, produced by burning fluid, Cologne, or spirits, mix lamp oil and fine-sifted wood ashes to a consistency thick as cream, and rub the spots, and they will disappear.

CUCUMBER COSMETIC TO PREVENT FRECKLES AND SUN-BURNS.—If in youth we were more careful, it is certain that as we progress onward in the journey of life, the exception would be to see a person with the skin dull at an age when it ought to have the most youthful freshness. The trouble of preservation is far more simple, agreeable, and effectual, than that of restoration, to which it is necessary to have recourse in order to repair the wrongs of a careless negligence. Freckles are considered by the majority as inimical to beauty; we, however, are of the minority, and rather admire them. They are the result of the intermingling of race, of the dark blood of the South with the fair Saxon. It is positive that they indicate exuberant health—and what is more beautiful than the hue of health? As the summer advances, freckles appear. If the skin is exposed to the sun, it is darkened like a cherry or a peach that is ripening. The effect of the sun upon a delicate skin is very rapid, and it becomes sunburnt, which in many instances produces inconvenience, attended with slight pain. Of the various cosmetics invented for preventing and remedying this evil, cucumber cream bears a just reputation. The following is the method of preparing it:—Cut the cucumber very thin, and place it into as much almond oil as will cover it; let both remain together for twenty-four hours; then strain away the oil, and repeat the operation a second time with fresh cucumber and the same oil; then strain away the oil and place it in a jug, which put into boiling water, making it hot enough to melt wax. For every pound of oil add one ounce of spermaceti and one ounce of white wax. While the spermaceti and wax are melting, cut up a cucumber and place it into two folds of book muslin, and squeeze out the juice with all the force that can be employed. Do the same with half a lemon. Then take the oil when the hard materials are melted, and allow it to get nearly cold, when (finally) add gradually, and with constant stirring with a small whisk, the juices before obtained. Put it into a jar in a cold place. In less than twenty four hours it will be set like an ice-cream. Apply it by rubbing a little all over the skin at bedtime; and also place a piece about the size of a filbert on the sponge or towel with the soap used in washing. A small piece may also be rubbed over the skin with advantage before going into the sunshine as when health and enjoyment are sought on the sea shore, or in pic-nic and exploring parties inland.—*Home Journal.*

ENORMOUS DISTANCES OF THE STARS.—The only mode we have of conceiving such intervals at all, is the time which it would require for light to traverse them. Now light, as we know, travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second. It would therefore occupy 100,000,000 seconds, or upwards of three years, in such a journey, at the very lowest estimate. What, then, are we to allow for the distance of those innumerable stars of the smaller magnitudes, which the telescope discloses to us? If we admit the light of a star of each magnitude to be half that of the magnitude next above it, it will follow that a star of the first magnitude will require to be removed to 362 times its distance, to appear no larger than one of the sixteenth. It follows, therefore, that among the countless multitudes of such stars, visible by telescopes, there must be many whose light has taken a thousand years to reach us; and that, when we observe their places, and note their changes, we are, in fact, reading only *their history of a thousand years' date*, thus wonderfully recorded!—*Sir W. Herschel.*

☞ PRIDE AND VANITY.—It is better to be laughed at than ruined; better to have a wife, who, like Martial's Mamurra, cheapens everything and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase everything, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 50 letters.

My 28, 46, 50, 11, 20, 28, is the goddess of the morning.

My 18, 25, 40, 40, 28, 29, 30, 50, 25, was a prophetess who was never believed.

My 29, 5, 2, 38, 4, wept herself into stone on account of the death of her children.

My 32, 37, 35, 50, 35, 14, was worshipped by the Egyptians in the form of an ox.

My 14, 48, 4, 20, 41, 2, 20, had a voice as strong as fifty men together.

My 10, 15, 26, 21, 20, 25, 26, 21, 37, was a Queen of Assyria, who was turned to a pigeon after her death.

My 28, 50, 35, 25, 34, 44, 39, gave Theseus the thread which led him out of the Cretan labyrinth.

My 3, 46, 1, 47, 28, 29, forged the thunderbolts for his father, Jupiter.

My 8, 9, 38, 9, was Jupiter's cupbearer.

My 12, 50, 25, 44, 21, 28, was the muse who presided over astronomy.

My 7, 39, 16, 9, 26, 28, 22, 8, 12, 6, was the only son of Ulysses and Penelope.

My 8, 17, 50, 49, was beloved by Leander.

My 45, 21, 43, 26, 9, 34, 27, 16, aided Ulysses in carrying off the Palladium.

My 13, 43, 20, 48, 12, 44, 28, was a blind goddess, from whose hand wealth and poverty, happiness and misery, were derived.

My 42, 24, 32, 7, 8, 43, was one of the three Fates.

My 26, 11, 26, 46, 13, 12, 14, was the twin brother of Remus.

My 25, 50, 31, 12, 6, had a hundred eyes, which were afterwards transferred to the tail of a peacock.

My 23, 1, 2, 20, 28, is the goddess of flowers.

My 33, 17, 34, 25, was the mother of Helen.

My 16, 25, 19, 29, 28, was the mother of Apollo and Diana.

My 8, 15, 24, 33, 27, gave the name of Hellespont to the Pontic sea.

My 5, 50, 35, 40, was the messenger of Juno who turned her into a rainbow.

My 18, 25, 10, 19, 32, 20, was the twin brother of Pollux.

My 31, 42, 20, 45, 35, 46, 6, was a Phrygian King who tied a complicated knot, which Alexander cut with his sword.

My 36, 25, 29, 48, 25, 33, 46, 40, was punished in hell with an insatiable thirst, and placed up to the chin in water, which flowed away as soon as he tried to taste it.

My whole is a modern truth. M. H.

RIDDLE.

I am a jewel rich and rare,
And oft employed to deck the fair.
If you compel me to lay down
My head, I then shall wear a crown.
If you prefer to lop my foot,
I grow a sweet and wholesome fruit.
But most I profit every one
When both my head and foot are gone;
Though some, despising solid gains,
With more of vanity than brains,
Will hang my whole on what remains.

PLACES IN CANADA ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

A person who used to paint his body, and a preposition.

A forest, and the stem of a tree.

One of the points of the compass, a color, and to disembark.

Three-fifths of an amphibious animal, and the Scotch for departed. H. J. C.

CUBICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain church to be plastered, whose area contains 138240 cubical feet of space, which is 1382 2-5 times the greatest diagonal of the extreme corners of the same (measured across from any of the four lower corners to the opposite upper corner.) The length of the church is to its height as 20 to 9; whereas the breadth thereof is to its length as 4 to 3. Would you undertake from this to tell the length, breadth and height of this church, and what will be the charge for plastering the four walls and the ceiling thereof, at ninepence (old Pennsylvania currency) per yard, allowing no deduction for door and windows?

DANIEL DIEFENDACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When does a client begin to bore a lawyer? Ans.—When his case augers well.

☞ What key opens the gate to misery? Ans.—Whis-key.

☞ Why is the captain of a steamboat often like a tobacconist? Ans.—Because he often has to back her (tobacco.)

☞ Who is the thinnest servant mentioned in history? Ans.—The valley (valet) of the shadow of death.

☞ What part of a ship is like a farmer? Ans.—The tiller.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Boonesborough, Madison County, Ky. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Hamilton's Two Views of Niagara Falls.—REBUS—Sweetheart. (Sugar, Water, Elf, Elder, Twilight, Horse, Eglantine, Arabia, Record, Tomb. REBUS—Asia, Anam. (Africa, Soudan, India, Amsterdam.) CHARADE—School-boy.

Answer to Mathematical Problem Published May 26th.—12.515 vibrations per minute; greatest velocity, 32.1511 feet per second; strain on ropes, 428.5095 lbs.

Note.—In this case the weight of swing is not taken into account, or it would increase the strain to an amount equal to weight of swing and centrifugal force due to that weight with the given velocity. W.

FEMALE DRESS.—Lavater, the man who, long before the birth of phrenology, wrote a very clever book on physiognomy, gives a good opinion of people who are fond of dressing well, and throws something more than suspicion on ladies who are careless of their apparel. He says:

"Young women who neglect their toilets, indicate in this very particular a disregard of order; a deficiency of taste, and the qualities which inspire love. The girl of eighteen years who does not desire to please in so obvious a matter as dress, will be a slut, and probably a shrew, at twenty-five." When so much is written about the sin and danger of dress, it is pleasant to see a sensible record, now and then, on the other side.

NEWS ITEMS.

A most magnificent cave has been discovered in El Dorado county, California. Several large rooms were found in it, several hundred feet in length by nearly as many broad, and a lake, the extent of which is as yet unknown. The floor, as well as stalactites, are all of a beautiful white crystalized marble.

Cock Fight in Washington in High Life.—From the last number of Porter's Spirit of the Times, we learn that a certain class of the Washington population take a great deal of interest in a cock fight that is to take place on the 10th inst. The stakes are $500 and $1 000. The combatants on the occasion will be no others than "General Conota," a red cock of the Spanish breed, belonging to the Hon. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, and "General Ortega," a Spanish cock, belonging to the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Vice President. It is believed that this cock fight will draw the largest concourse of ladies and gentlemen that ever assisted in a pastime of the sort in the United States. What next!

The "Unitary Household," a sort of socialistic—if not Free Love—institution, which has been in existence several years past in the upper portion of New York, under the supervision of one of the *attaches* of the Tribune, has collapsed, and it is presumed nobody is sorry.—*Philada. Ledger.*

What's in a Name!—It is a little remarkable that the last syllable [ham] of Abraham Lincoln's first name, and the first syllable [Lin] of his last name, when put together, make the name of his associate on the ticket for Vice President—Hamlin. Again, take the first three letters [Ham] of Hamlin's name, and combine them with the first three letters [Lin] of Lincoln's name, and you have Hamlin; and take the last syllable [Lin] of Hamlin's name, and the last syllable [coln] of Lincoln's name, and you have Lincoln.

The tornado which visited eastern Iowa and northwestern Illinois on Sunday night week, was even more destructive than at first reported. At Camanche 55 persons were killed, 125 wounded, and 10 are missing; at De Witt 27 persons were killed; at Union Grove 17; at Mechanicsville 16, and New Lisbon 16, making in all 131 killed, 125 wounded, and 10 missing. At Lisbon a train of ten heavily laden freight cars were lifted bodily from a railroad track and dashed to pieces.

It is now settled that a young lady is any delicate individual of the feminine gender who will not touch onions stewed in butter, or eat nice boiled cabbage. This great principle, which must forever settle the question, was promulgated by a knowing witness on a recent trial.

"Squaring the Circle."—This wonderful secret has been discovered at last. The Virginia Chronicle, published at Orange Courthouse, says: "Our fellow citizen, Thomas Board, has received a patent for an auger to bore a square hole, which is a most ingenious and useful invention. It bores with great exactness and certainty, and can be worked with as much ease as the auger for boring round holes.

There are rumors of the pluro-pneumonia having appeared among the cattle in this state, but there is reason to believe it is merely one of the usual diseases to which cattle are liable.

Complaints are made in France of the mode in which the duty on French wines imported into England is imposed, reckoning by the proportion of alcohol. Bordeaux wines will pay half less duty than Burgundy wines, and Burgundy will be sacrificed. The coarse strong wines, shipped in such large quantities at Cette, will pay in England fifty per cent. more duty than the most expensive Bordeaux wines. The Chamber of Commerce have, it is said, convinced the Emperor of the impossibility of equitably taxing wines in England, according to their alcoholic strength.

At the ball recently given by the Empress Eugenie, at the Hotel d'Albe, the generality of the toilettes were a complete *undress;* shoulder stays and sleeves were discarded, and in most cases replaced by a string of precious stones lightly holding together the scanty draperies of the corsage, which left exposed the bust and shoulders.

Curious Statement.—Judge Haliburton, (Sam Slick,) in a speech in Parliament in relation to the Baltic timber duties, complained of the supercilious conduct of the English officials, and cited as an instance, that the Canadians, wishing to compliment the Governor General, requested him to name four new townships. The Governor in turn complimented his wife by asking her to name them. She promptly gave them the names of her lap-dogs, Tiny, Floss, Emily and Ops.

Prince de Joinville, now in this country, denounces the statement made by "the Dauphin," Eleazer Williams, that he (Joinville) imparted to Williams the information that the latter was a Bourbon—as unqualifiedly false. It is well, even though late, to have this windbag of pretence pricked with a pin of truth. Perhaps this settles the question of whether we "had a Bourbon among us" before Indian Williams died.

A shoemaker of Cleveland entered the store of his employer a few mornings since, and requested a settlement of his accounts, as he was about to leave the city forthwith. On being asked the cause of his sudden departure, he stated that during the night his wife had borne him twins. He said he had no objection to such an event once, but his wife had "played the same caper before, and he wouldn't live with a woman that served him so." That night he absconded, and has been no more seen.

Miraculous Escape.—Two little girls, the daughters of the Rev. R. Shears, of Stockton, were crossing the railway near that place, when a train came up, the driver of which did not observe the children till he was within twenty yards of them. He did all he could to stop the engine, but as the children were crossing the last rail, the engine came up, caught them both, throwing the older girl outside and the younger one inside the rails, where she lay stunned until the train passed safely over her. With the exception of a slight bruise or two, neither of them was much injured.

Little Tommy, the wag of the Japanese Embassy, and the especial pet of the Washington ladies, has been inveigled into a mock-auction shop, where some Peter Funk, not having the fear of the Mikado before his eyes, sold him a pinchbeck watch for $120, the intrinsic value of which might be expressed by a single numeral.

It is stated that Dr. O. W. Holmes delivered an address before the Massachusetts Medical Society last Wednesday, in which he declared, in plain language, that mankind had been drugged to death; that whatever would injure a well man would injure a sick one; and that the world would be better off if the contents of every apothecary shop were emptied into the sea, though the consequences to the fishes would be lamentable. A long discussion was held on the propriety of publishing the address, though it was finally voted by the small majority of nine to give it to the public; but with a notification on the first page that the Society were not responsible for the sentiments it contained.

The London Weekly Register says there is no truth in the telegram from Trieste announcing the arrival for enrolment in the Pontifical army of 1,000 Irishmen at Ancona. The statement in the Dublin Mail, that the recruiting of men for the same purpose is going on in Ireland, is also pronounced unfounded by the same authority.

Death of a Well-Known Citizen.—On Thursday, the 7th, Mr. George W. Carpenter, (of the firm of Carpenter, Hemsley & Co., druggists,) died at Germantown, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The deceased had been in ill health for several years; but the immediate cause of his death was apoplexy. He was possessed of a very large estate.

THE PREVAILING CATTLE DISTEMPER.

The "pleuro pneumonia," or cattle distemper, which originated in Massachusetts, and caused much consternation and alarm among farmers and cattle breeders, has developed itself in New Jersey. In all the cases examined, the ravages were confined to the respiratory organs; in some cases the right and in others the left lung had been the seat of the disease, and in every one involving the whole mass of lung with its covering, and extending from it to the lining membrane of the ribs. The appearance of the bronchial tubes gave evidence of participation in the disease from extension to them, from the substance of the lung, disorganization of structure being found alone in the lungs and coverings.

Symptoms of the Disease.—Loss of appetite, hanging of the head, and, as the disease progresses, an extension of the head—bright and watery eye, mouth dry, brain hot—breathing quick, with more or less agitation of the flanks, with an occasional cough, always dry; more or less thirst; horns and ears hot. The quick and occasional cough, coupled with great prostration of strength, more particularly mark the progress of the disease. The ear applied to the side of the animal readily detects the impediment to a free circulation of air through the lungs, from the violent congestion that exists.

Antidote.—Burn tar freely in the barn or shed two or three times in a day, and let the cattle inhale it, but not too close; let them lap freely of salt every other day, dissolve chlorate of potassa in water, wash their nostrils and mouth, and rub them all over with a coarse brush wet in the same; sprinkle chloride of lime in and about the stables; give the cattle a few onions if they can be procured, and plenty of sound vegetables and fresh grass and water; no hay if it can be avoided.

Physicians assert that the disease is one of exhaustion, and analogous to the typhoid pneumonia which occasionally prevails epidemically among the human race.

Mysterious Bell Ringing.—The Providence (R. I.) Journal gives an account of a case of mysterious bell ringing in that city. The ringing commenced on Thursday evening, and continued at intervals for some three hours. So annoying did the ringing become, that the wire of one bell was detached, and the other bell was muffled by being completely enveloped in a napkin. The phenomenon was witnessed by several persons, who thoroughly examined every part of the bell apparatus, but could discover no cause which tended to throw any light upon the occurrence. One gentleman present took hold of the knob and held it firmly. He says there was much force exerted to move the knob while he held it, and that he distinctly felt a power attempting to pull it. As soon as he let go, the bell would begin to move, and flew rapidly backward and forward, as though some one pulled and then suddenly let go. He held the knob several times, and in every instance with the same result. At the same time the bell would ring by a movement communicated to the wire between the first and second directer. One gentleman present, attempted to seize the wire, but as soon as his hand approached it the ringing would cease, and the other bell would commence ringing. Suddenly turning to seize hold of this, it would stop, and the first commence ringing. He tried this repeatedly, and in every instance the motion would cease in the one and commence in the other. The same was true of other parties. For a fortnight the little girl, who usually answers the bell, has been to the door and found no one there, and within two or three days has been several times in a day.

One of the Heroes.—Tennyson's hero, Lord Cardigan, who commanded and led the famous charge of the Light Brigade of Cavalry at Balaclava, may now be seen every sunny afternoon in Hyde Park, London, with his latest victim the present Lady Cardigan, leaning on his arm. Though now approaching sixty, the Earl carries his age with the most elastic buoyancy; and with his lithe, vigorous figure and dashing air, is still the beau ideal of a light dragoon. The present Lady Cardigan, who, before her marriage, was considered one of the loveliest flowers in the garden of aristocratic English beauty, is the third plucked from that conservatory by the same sensual hand—not to mention numerous ravages in more lowly parterres. His first wife he eloped with from her husband, Major Johnstone, of the 67th Regiment of the line; his next victim was Lady Leeson, the wife of Sir William Leeson, Chamberlain of Dublin Castle, who died shortly after her guilty flight, on board of her seducer's yacht off the coast of Scotland; and the third, his present wife, who is a daughter of one of the oldest houses in England, he also carried off in his yacht during the lifetime of his late wife. The poor girl seems to cling to her brazen, defiant-looking lord for protection, and shrinks from the gaze of the passers-by with that look of sorrow, which, to a sensitive nature, the consciousness of her false position brings.

A Cotton Cleanser.—It is rumored that an ingenious person has introduced a very curious and valuable invention into New Orleans, in the shape of a cotton cleanser. A quantity of the dirtiest cotton, scarcely saleable at all, is put into a kind of hopper, and in a moment you see it flying out at another aperture, quite clean and white. Three or four rollers, armed with wire about an inch and a-half long, revolve in the same direction, and so that the teeth of one pass between the teeth of another. The cotton caught by the first roller would be carried up and round, but that the teeth of the next roller arrests it half-way up, take it from the teeth of the first and carry it under, to be taken in the same way by the next. The fibre is not at all torn, as is shown by passing a newspaper through the same process unharmed; but the dust is crushed to powder, the heavier portions falling to the bottom, and the lighter being blown out by a constant current of air, created for the purpose.

A Splendid Sight.—The Illinois Central Railroad, at a town called Mattoon, is crossed by the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad. Every day, at about 2, P. M., is seen at this point one of the most splendid effects of the triumph of mind over space and matter that can be witnessed anywhere. It is that of four trains coming from four different directions, arriving at this point at the same time to a second, every day. They can be seen as they approach for ten miles in each direction, the prairies there being a smooth, broad expanse, stretching away to the horizon without any inequalities to obstruct the sight. As they arrive they approach their cow catchers within twelve feet of each other, as though exchanging salutations, when gracefully backing, as though bowing an adieu, two of the trains go on the switches, while the other two scream away over the iron bound prairie. The other trains are then let go on the main tracks again, and they are off and away.

Reliable estimates show that 11,000 wagons passed Plum Creek on their way to Pike's Peak this spring, up to the first of May. Estimating four persons to each wagon, the total emigration to the new gold region the present spring would be 44,000. The population of the region is supposed to be 125 000.

Tomatoes as Food for Cows.—A farmer of Prairie Ridge, Iowa, feeds his cows on tomatoes, green, ripe, and thawed out after freezing, and finds the milk greatly improved in quantity and quality.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 176—Adults 78, and children 98.

A young woman was arrested recently in Boston, charged with the larceny of a pair of sheets, four towels, and half a dozen diapers. When asked what she had to say, she replied: "Why, Judge, what d'ye 'spose I want of diapers!" The court refusing to notice her remark, she added: "No, thank the Lord! I have no occasion for diapers; and, as near as I can reckon, shan't want 'em for two or three months!"

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour has been steady, but without animation this week; the sales for shipment reaching about 9,000 bbls, in lots, at $5,37½@5,50 for mixed and good straight superfine, mostly at the latter rate; $5,75 for selected city mills do; $5,62½@5,75 for extra, and $5,87½@6 for extra family, including some 5,000 bbls on terms not made public, said to be at about the same rates, and half bbls at $3 the pair: the sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6,25@7,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality; the receipts continue light, but the market closed dull. Rye Flour is also dull, and selling in a small way at $4. It is offered at a fraction less, and we quote accordingly at $3,37½@4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Pennsylvania Meal is held at $3,37½ ₱ bbl, without sales to any extent.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are moderate, and the demand for milling quite light; holders of prime lots, however, which are scarce, have realized rather better prices; sales include about 26,000 bus, in lots, at from 130 to 140c for common to prime Pennsylvania reds; 142@144c for choice Delaware do; and 142@155 for common and choice white. Rye is dull and rather lower, with sales of 4,000 bus at 82@84c. Corn has been in fair request, but prices at the close are somewhat unsettled, and in favor of the buyers, the demand being less active; sales reaching about 40,000 bus yellow at 67@69c, mostly at 68c for prime lots, afloat, including some fair quality at 63@65c, and white at 68c. Oats are offered less freely, and the market is rather firmer; about 8,000 bus Pennsylvania sold at 42@44c—the latter for choice lots, the bulk of the sales, however, were at 43c for prime. Barley and Malt are at a stand still.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing owing to the firmness of holders, and Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $18,50@18,75 ₱ bbl, cash and time. City Mess Beef sells slowly at $13@15 ₱ bbl. A sale of 500 bbls Alburger's India Beef is reported, on terms kept private. Bacon is steady at 11@12c for plain and fancy Hams, 10½@10½c for Sides, and 8½@8¾c for Shoulders, and not much doing except to go South. Of green Meats the stock is light and holders firm, with sales of 500 casks to notice at 9½@10½c for Hams, in salt and pickle, 10c for Sides, and 7¾@8c for Shoulders, in salt, cash and time. Lard is scarce and wanted at 12c for bbls and tcs, and 12½c for kegs, but holders generally ask more, and there is little or nothing doing. Butter continues steady, with sales of packed at 10@12c, and Roll at 12@14c, mostly of the former, as in quality. Cheese is unchanged, and selling at 11@11½c. Eggs are in fair demand at 12½c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The week's sales comprise about 900 bales, in small lots, at from 5 up to 12@13½c ₱ ℔, cash and time, for inferior to ordinary and middling fair Upland Gulfs; mostly at equal to 11½@12½c, cash, for good middling and middling fair Uplands.

BARK—There is little inquiry for Quercitron, and about 80 hhds sold, mostly in small lots, at $29@30 for 1st No 1, the latter for a favorite brand; we quote it dull at the former rate. Of Tanners' Bark further sales are reported at $15 for Spanish, and $12 ₱ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX—Sales of about 2000 ℔s good yellow are reported at 34c ₱ ℔, at which rate the market is steady.

COAL—There is rather more firmness in prices, and the demand, both for shipment and home use, is fair for the season, the market closing more active. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,20@3,35, Prepared do, $3,20@3,35; Red Ash do, $3,35@3,50; Lehigh Lump $3,75; Prepared do, $3,62; by retail do, $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared $4,25.

COFFEE is firm but quiet, and the sales comprise about 2000 bags at 13½@14c for Laguayra, and 12½@14c for Rio, as in quality, all on the usual terms. There is none of the latter in first hands and none arriving.

COPPER continues dull, but without any alteration to note in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering or selling, and good Western are quoted at 50c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT—There is little or nothing doing in Apples and Peaches, the season being over. Berries are abundant and low.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ ℔ $2@2,50; Rocky Mountain, do, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, do, 10@14c; Nutria do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 30@60.

HEMP is very quiet; a sale of about 100 bales undressed Western, however, was made at $130 ₱ ton, on time.

HIDES are firmly held, but the demand for foreign is light and a cargo just in remains unsold.

HOPS continue dull, and the sales in a small way only at from 8 to 14c ₱ ℔, as in quality.

IRON—There has been very little movement in the market, and little or no change in prices; business, however, is very dull; sales comprise some 600 tons Anthracite Pig Metal, in lots, at $23 for No 1, $22 for No 2, on time, and 1000 tons Glendon mottled and white at $21, 6 mos. About 2000 tons Anthracite, mixed numbers, also sold to go West, at equal to the above rates. Of Scotch Pig, an import of 200 tons was sold on terms kept private. Nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Iron worthy of notice. Bars and Rails are but little inquired for, and prices are nearly nominal for all kinds.

LEAD is in steady demand and the stock light; sales include about 600 pigs Virginia at equal to $5,80 the 100 ℔s, cash, and 1000 pigs Galena on terms kept private.

LEATHER—The market is inactive for most kinds, and prices about the same as last quoted. Slaughter, however, continues scarce.

LUMBER is arriving and selling more freely; sales include white pine shipping boards at $14; Susquehanna do at $14@18; yellow sap do $14@16, and Lehigh hemlock do at 10½@11; hemlock raft lumber ranges at $8@9, and laths $1,65@1,75, and shingles at $19 for long and $13 ₱ M for short cypress.

MOLASSES has been arriving more freely, and the market is very quiet, some 400 casks only having been disposed of, in lots, at 25@26c for clayed Cuba; 32@35c for Muscovado do, 29c for English Island, and Portland Syrup at 23c—all on the usual credit.

SEEDS—There has been very little offering or selling, and prime Cloverseed is wanted at $4,25@4,50 ₱ bus. Some small sales have been made at these rates. Timothy and Flaxseed are unchanged, and the latter is selling in a small way at $1,62 ₱ bus for domestic.

SPIRITS—The demand for foreign is small, and the prices of Brandy and Gin steady. New England Rum is selling slowly at 35@36c. Whisky is unsettled and rather lower, with free sellers of barrels at 21@21½c for Western, 20½c for Penna., 19@19½c for drudge, and 20@20½c for hhds.

SUGARS have been very quiet this week, but the market closes with a better feeling and more active; the firmness of holders, however, limits operations, and the sales reach 500 hhds, at 6¼@7½c for Cuba, 6¼@7¼ for Porto Rico, and 7c for English Island, on time, including 400 boxes Havana, on terms kept private.

TALLOW is dull and rather lower, with sales of city rendered at 10@10½c ₱ ℔.

TOBACCO—The market for all kinds is very quiet, but without any change to note.

WOOL continues dull and unsettled, and there is very little doing; a few small sales of Fleece from this vicinity only having been made at prices ranging from 25 to 40c, as in quality, mostly at 35@36c ₱ ℔.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. The prices ranged from $8¼ to 10. 80 Cows were sold at from $45 to 60, according to quality. 10,000 Sheep were sold at prices from $4 to 4¼ sheared. 475 Hogs were sold at prices ranging from $7(@8¼ ₱ 100 ℔s.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 9.—FLOUR heavy, sales of 9,000 bbls.—Wheat heavy, 14,000 bus sold at $1,30 for Milwaukee Club, and $1,40 for mixed Michigan. Corn buoyant; 25,000 bus sold at 63@65½c for mixed, and 69c for yellow Southern. Provisions dull. Whiskey steady.

A Dead Man Tells his Friends Where he is Buried.—The Madison (Ind.) Courier of May 30, relates the following very remarkable incident:

"Among the unfortunate flatboatmen wrecked in the late terrible hurricane on the Ohio, were two brothers of the name of Gibbons, from Pittsburg. When the boat they were on went down, near Carrollton, one of them was rescued from drowning, but the other, less fortunate, sunk and perished beneath the waves. The survivor, after waiting at Carrollton and searching in vain for several days for the body, returned to his home in Pittsburg. Saturday night he dreamed his brother, whose name was Daniel, came to his bedside and told him that his dead body might be found buried by the side of that of a relative who perished on the same day and in a like manner with himself. (The relative was on another boat when lost.) The brother immediately started down the river, and on reaching this city, calling on the sexton of Springdale Cemetery, he found sure enough that his brother and relative were interred side by side in this city. This is a strange story, but it was related to us by Mr. Gibbons himself, who was in our office today, and we have no reason to question his veracity."

The Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser, the official home organ of William H. Seward, announces that his public career will close definitely on the 4th of July, 1861.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

June 5th, in St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, D. D., Stevenson H. Smith, to Elizabeth Pleasonton, only daughter of Jos. E. Loud.

On the evening of the 6th instant, at the Central Presbyterian Church, N. Luby the Rev. Geo. Duffield, Jr., George W. Gaius, to Maggie M. daughter of Jas. Morrell, Esq. both of this city.

At Kaighn's Point, N. J. on the 5th instant, by Friends' ceremony, Dr. Albert H. Smith, of this city, to Emily, daughter of Chas. Kaign.

On Monday, June 4th, 1860, by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood, at the Bishop's Chapel, Dr. Adolphus Lippe, to Louisa Augustine D'Arcy.

On Monday, June 4th, at the Church of the Ascension, by the Rev. Saml. Cox, Charles C. Carey, to Emily W. youngest daughter of the late D. B. Carter, Esq. both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. Joseph Douglas, of Trenton, N. J. to Miss Louisa Truxton, of Lawistown, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, at Trenton, N. J., Samuel D. Ingham, in his 81st year.

On Saturday morning, the 2d instant, George Brown, in his 58th year.

On the 16th of May, 1860, at Baden, of paralysis, Arnold Halbach, formerly of this city

On Saturday, June 2d, after a lingering illness, Joseph Myers, aged 41 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Prevost, wife of Mr. Francis M. Prevost.

On Monday, the 4th instant, Walter Scott, son of Robert and Elizabeth Scott, in his 21st year.

On the morning of the 2d instant, Mrs. Sophia Schmerber, wife of Gottlieb Schearer

On the 4th instant, Christiana, wife of the late Jos. Shuman, in her 30th year.

On the morning of the 2d instant, Elizabeth Chadwick, in her 80th year.

On the 3d instant, William C. Dickson, in his 47th year.

On the 2d instant, William Dunn, in his 23d year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 9, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
New Jersey.		**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Delaware		**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Maryland.		**Kentucky.**	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Indiana.**	
New York.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	**Illinois.**	
Maine.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Missouri.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Vermont.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Michigan**	
Connecticut		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Texas.**	
Rhode Island.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Iowa.**	
Virginia.		State bk	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	**Kansas.**	
Dist. of Columbia.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Minnesota.**	
North Carolina.		Bank St. Paul	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis	**Canada.**	
Georgia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¾ dis	**Florida.**	
South Carolina.		State bk	1 dis
Solv bks	¾ dis		
Alabama.			
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis		

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THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—
" " '62	104	—
" " '67	100	—
" " '68	100	—
" " '81 coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	—
" " new	101½	104
" 5 "	84	—
Penna 6 pr ct,	98	—
" " coupon	93	95
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	80	90
" County	93	95
Penn 5 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	94½	95
Penn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	90	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	99½	—
Ohio " 1860	103	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	93½	97
N Y City "	107½	110
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	143	148
Philadelphia	117	117½
Far & Mec	97	—
Commercial	80	—
N Liberty	—	81
Mechanics	76½	77
Southwark	49	—
P Township	95	95½
Kensington	69	—
Girard	66½	66½
Western	—	68
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	29
Tradesman's	67½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	99½	—
Commonwealth	91	93½
Corn Exchange	89	—
Germantown	—	65
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	55	—
Exchange	54	—
Kentucky, Ky	125	128
Northern	126	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	110	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	91½	92
Planters "	—	109
N O Gas Light	121	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	27
Lehigh Zinc	21	23
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins Co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	90	—
Southwark "	—	—
Frankford R R	60½	66
Bonds	97	98

	Bid	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	101	10
2nd "	93½	95
stock	29½	29½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	134½	135
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	99	97½
mort 5's '44	107½	107½
" '88	72½	73
stock	29½	30½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	97½	98
stock	50	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	43	44
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '75	30½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wilm'n & Elmira 7's 1st mort	92½	70
2nd "	15½	—
stock	1	11
Catawissa	1	1
Beaver Meadow stock	63½	64½
preferred 10 pr ct	84	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	46	49
6 pr ct loan	97	100
Mitchell R R	81½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	87½	88
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	15
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
bonds	59	60
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	88½	—
Michigan Central	67½	68½
Illinois "	97½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	75	75½
imp 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	—	24
preferred	20	20½
Lehigh Nav stock	54½	54½
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	54½	55
Morris Consol'd	56½	56½
preferred	113	114
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	70	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	34	4
	30½	—

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